WEEK ENDING DEC. 26 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for E

The Annual Holdup

JOSEPH FARRELLY

In This Issue

NOW *and* THEN *A Christmas Story* **By FRANK CONDON**

THE ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

"A Kiss for Cinderella"

Herbert Brenon Production

Paramount's Christmas Gift to All!

Nation-wide Showing Week of December 28th

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' ' '

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Personalities of Paramount- and their Paramount Pictures

Betty Bronson

Where the Peter Pan girl appears, hearts grow lighter. There's more than a touch of fairyland about her, and the work-a-day world seems slow when she's around. See her in "Are Parents People?" "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess."

Herbert Brenon

He directed "A Kiss for Cinderella." Remember how "Peter Pan" delighted you! He directed that, too! Other Paramount Pictures of his are: "The Street of Forgotten Men," "The Little French Girl," and "The Song and Dance Man."

Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson's success and popularity sweep forward like a tidal wave. Her Paramount Pictures are centers of fascinated human groups at all points of the compass. See her in "Madame Sans-Gene?" "The Coast of Folly," "Stage Struck."

Thomas Meighan

People who would not stir to see a king pass by would break half a dozen appointments to meet Tom Meighan. His is a triple success; a man's man, a woman's man, and the kids' man, too! Be sure to see "Old Home Week," "The Man Who Found Himself," and "Irish Luck."

D. W. Griffith

D. W. Griffith's "That Royle Girl" reveals more mastery than ever. Griffith's Paramount Pictures are the harvest of his art. See Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields and Harrison Ford, in "That Royle Girl." Watch for the huge Griffith special, "Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli.

Pola Negri

Pola Negri is a complex and dramatic personality whose charm is today exercising its full power in the United States. Michael Arlen is writing "Crossroads of the World" especially for her. See her in "Flower of Night" and "A Countess in Iowa."

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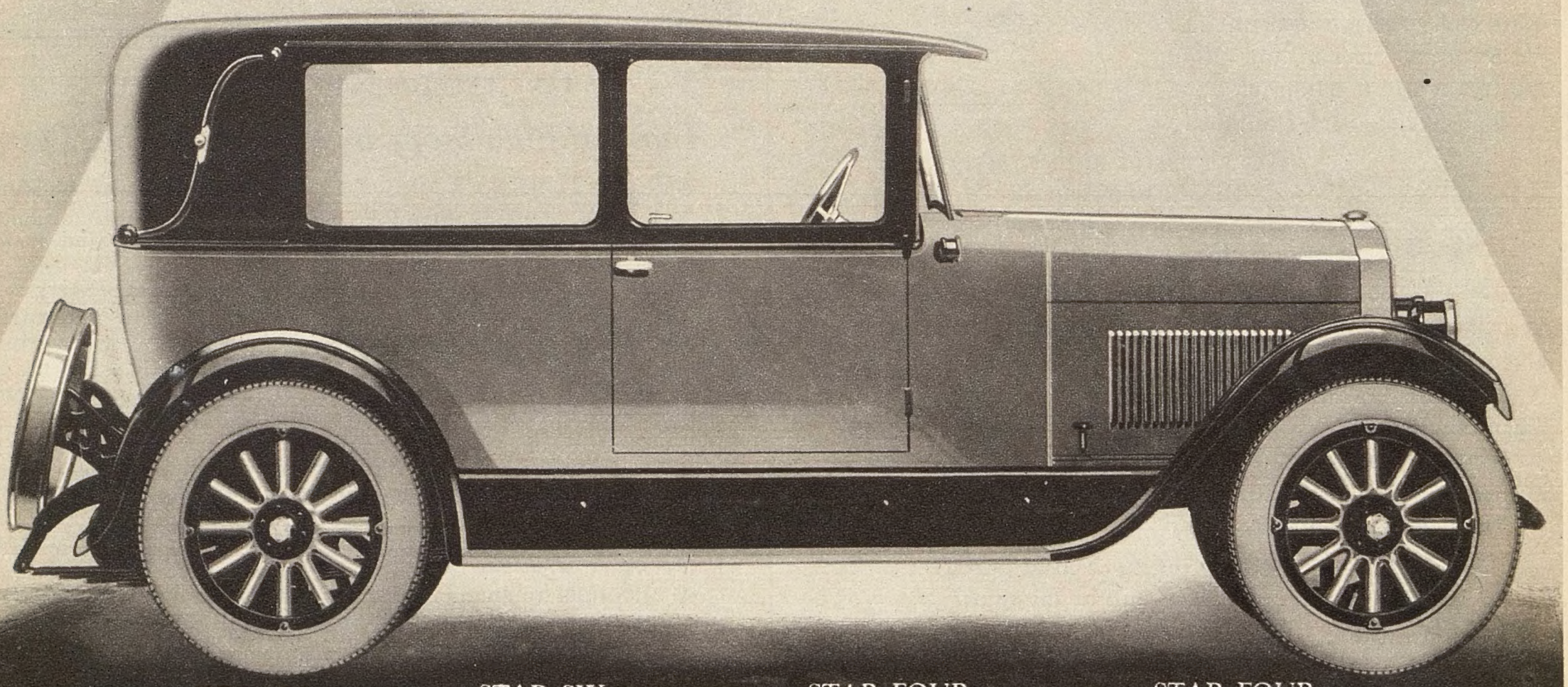

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

Christmas Carol

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother, Mary,
Nothing did take in scorn.
From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not," then said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might,
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."
The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

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Cover Design by Joseph Farrelly

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Another Fine Story by George Kibbe Turner

MR. TURNER'S tales of those elusive folk who inhabit the city shadows have been an outstanding feature in Liberty of late. None of them have been more vivid and dramatic than the two-part story which begins next week—a narrative of a lawyer, a girl, and a murderer, called THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

ARTHUR ROBINSON contributes to the same issue a remarkable article on the things science has learned about how features reveal character. YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE is the title.

ELISABETH REDFIELD writes of a famous marital disagreement—that of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino—and its bearing on the question, MAY A WIFE DENY HER HUSBAND CHILDREN?

HUGH FULLERTON, in MONOPOLIZING FOOTBALL, discusses professional football's amazing growth in popularity and its possible effect on the game in the colleges.

There's a sparkling short story called BEE'S KNEES, by HENRY F. PRINGLE; what fits a man for flying is considered by COL. WILLIAM MITCHELL in another article of his series, and JOHN WOLGAMOT uncovers some surprising facts under the title, DO WOMEN SMOKE? WE'LL SAY THEY DO!

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Remember Pigs Is Pigs? Here's One About a POLAR BEAR That's Just as Funny

A Christmas Present *for* Grandpa

By the Same Author

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

I WENT down to Brinton's wharf to see the good ship Pole Star, which was to leave on an arctic exploration voyage the next day, and the first man I saw was my old friend Truthful Joe, as rugged an old sailor as you could wish to see. He was tremendously glad to see me; said it was his thirty-fifth voyage to the Arctic Ocean. We got to talking immediately, sitting on two cases of pemmican on the deck.

"That's funny," I said almost immediately, "there's a Negro. You don't mean to tell me a Negro is going on this voyage, Joe?"

"Certain sure he is!" said Joe. "Negroes have gone lots of times to the arctic regions—make a habit of it—like it. Kanakas, too—South Sea islanders. None better in those froze-up regions. They get acclimated—get used to the cold and all. Animals and birds get used to different climates than they are native to, the same way. Why, I knew a polar bear once—did I ever tell you about Grandpa Utscoffer's Christmas surprise?"

"I don't remember it," I said. "What was it?"

So Truthful Joe told me about it.

It seems like—said Truthful Joe—I made a voyage in the good ship Clonmelton up the Brazolitos River and I got a mighty bad case of swamp fever and couldn't shake it off, so when I got back to New York a doctor said the only way for me to get rid of it was to go up into the hills and stay for a solid year in good high air, so I asked around and heard about a lake called Teechy, up in the Shropshire Hills, in New York State. I heard about a farmer up there named Utscoffer who had a sort of shack near the lake, not so far from his farm, that a man could rent cheap, so up I went and rented that shack—one thousand feet above sea level.

I went up there in April and it was nice. I fished some in the lake and helped make hay

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The fire was getting going real good. We called for help, and the whole five of us took hold and did get him off.

[A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GRANDPA
Continued from Page Five]

when it come to July, and I picked apples for the old feller when it come to September—and then it turned cold. Gee whiskers, but it turned cold! Along by November it was twenty below zero every night, and snow a foot deep everywhere and six feet deep some places. I near froze to death in my shack, stove and all.

Well, along about the week before Christmas up come the four boys—these grandsons of old Grandpa Utscoffer, and their names was Will and Jim and Ed and Sam. Fine boys they was, too—lots of pep and punch to them—and we got real well acquainted in no time. They took to me because I was a sailor and I took to them because they was so up-and-coming. So one day when they was up at my shack by the lake, Will says:

"Sailor Joe, did you ever sail in the Arctic Ocean?"

"Plenty of times and yet again some," I told him. "Why?"

"Did you ever see any polar bears there?" this Will boy asks me.

"Millions of them," I says. "Leastways thousands—or a couple of hundred, anyway."

"That's fine!" the William boy says, turning to the others. "You know a lot about them then, don't you?"

"What I don't know about them ain't worth knowing, that's all," I said.

"WELL, we're glad of that," the Sam boy said, "because we're going to surprise Grandpa Utscoffer. We're going to give him a polar bear for Christmas."

"For the land's sake!" I cried out. "Well, blast my timbers! What in tunket do you want to do that for?"

"To make him happy," the Jim boy said, sort of explaining, but the Ed boy broke in on him.

"We love dear old grandpa," he said, "and we do want to get something that will surprise and please him. So we've sent for a polar bear."

"Well," I said, sort of hesitating, "that ought to surprise him. Yes, a polar bear ought to surprise him. I'll say that much—it ought to surprise your grandpa considerable. Where in tunket did you get the notion?"

"Well, you know grandpa's Icy Glade——" Sam began.

"Sure I do!" I said, because they didn't have to tell me anything about Icy Glade. Grandpa Utscoffer had a sign at his gate on the main road that said, "This way to Icy Glade; admission twenty-five cents; pay at the house." Because people came from all over to feel how Icy Glade felt. It was a sort of glen, with a cave at the end of it, and it was where a glacier had stopped a million years before, or something like that, and maybe a billion tons of ice or something like that was buried in that hill—maybe not. Maybe it was just a cold place.

Anyway, in the hottest days of summer, when it was ninety-nine in the shade and one hundred and twenty in the sun, you could go into Icy Glade and it was as cold as midwinter, almost. Ice cold—chilly—nearly froze your gizzard in you. So I knew all about Icy Glade; I'd been there often enough. I said so.

"Then you know what Grandpa Utscoffer says every time he takes a tourist there, or a visitor," Ed said. "'All I need is a polar bear and this would be perfect.' That's what he says, and he's been saying it all his life. My mother says he used to say it when she was a little girl—'All I need is a polar bear and this would be perfect.' So we're going to give Grandpa Utscoffer a polar bear. We're going to surprise him."

"He'll be surprised; yes, he'll be surprised," I said, and then I said, real earnest: "But, boys, do you think you'd ought to? A polar bear is a terrible fierce beast."

"Some are, but this one ain't," the Jim boy said. "And there couldn't be a better place for a polar bear than the cave in Icy Glade."

"The place is all right, cold enough," I admitted, "but maybe your grandpa would like something else. A polar bear costs a lot of money."

"But that's just it," the Ed boy said. "This one don't," and he pulled a newspaper out of his pocket—a New York newspaper he had picked up somewhere. He showed me an advertisement in it.

"To Exchange—" the advertisement said. "A polar bear. Born in captivity and thoroughly house broke. Kind and gentle. Will exchange for a phonograph in good condition, or what have you? P. H. Fusmusser, Orlando, Florida."

"And we had a phonograph in good condition," said the Jim boy, "so we wrote a letter and sent the phonograph, and the polar bear is coming by express. What we wanted to ask you is if we can keep it in your shack until Christmas morning."

"No, sireebob!" I said right out flat and plain. "No polar bear can residence in my shack for one minute! I know polar bears."

So we talked that over and decided that the place to keep the polar bear until Christmas morning was in the sap house up on the hill. That's where they boil down the maple sap in the spring to make maple sugar. It is good and cold in midwinter, and fine for polar bears. Anything else would likely freeze to death there.

WELL, it come along to a day or two before Christmas and I was down at Grandpa Utscoffer's farmhouse to get me some eggs, and the telephone rang and Grandma Utscoffer went to the telephone. It's a local farm line and don't work very good and Grandma Utscoffer is next to as deaf as a post and she had a terrible time with it. It took her fifteen minutes to get any sense out of it, and then she was sort of dazed.

"Willyum," she says to the Will boy, "bless my soul if I can make any decent sense out of this thing. Near as I can make out it's the agent down to the railway at Hilltown, and he says he's got a pig for you. I told him he was a fool but he says it's a pig—near as I can make out. He says for goodness sake come and get it because it's bawlin' it's head off."

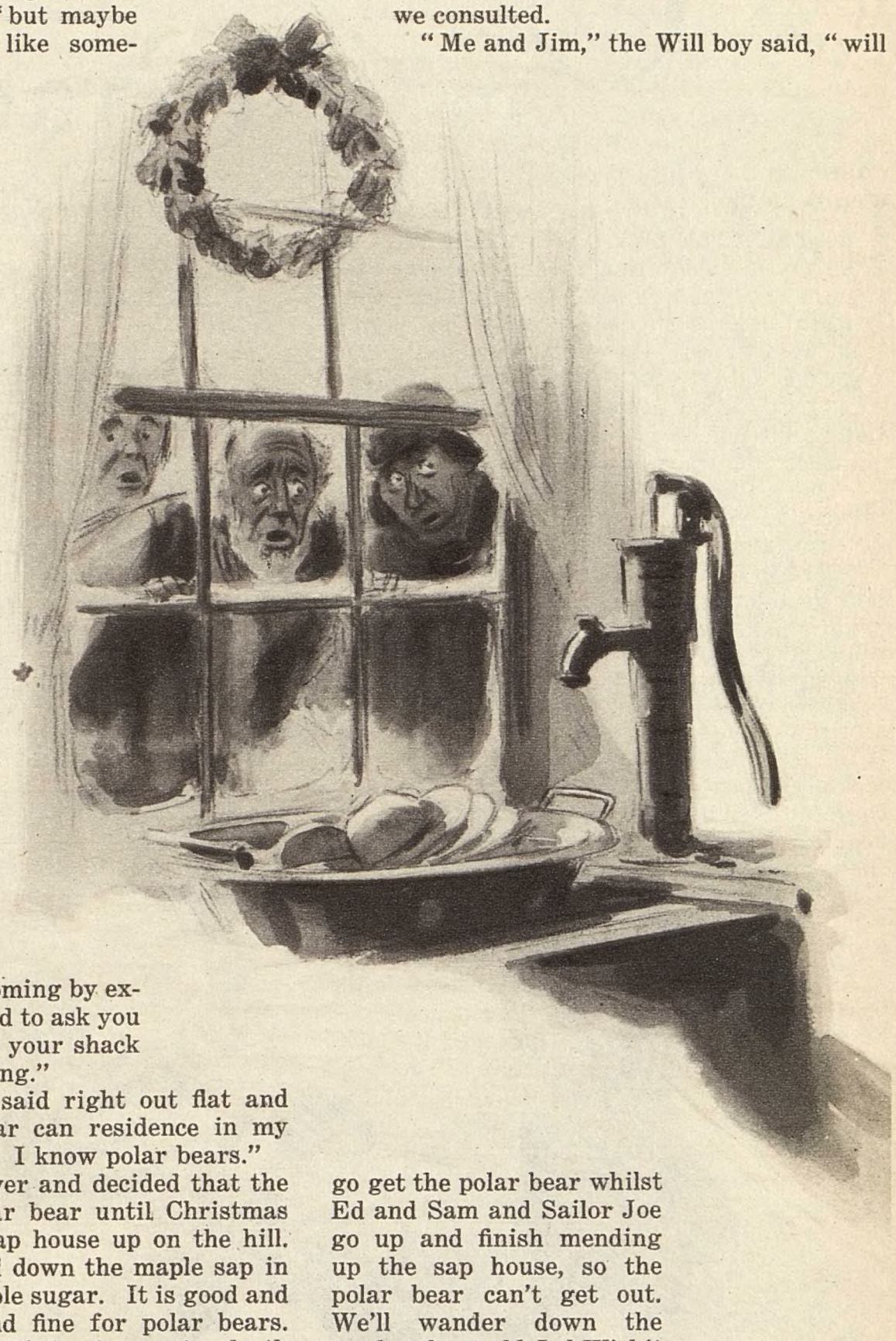
"Pig?" says Grandpa Utscoffer. "We don't want any pig. We've got a pig. We ain't but enough garbage for one pig and hardly that."

"It's all right, grandpa," the Will boy said mighty quick. "It ain't a pig. It's something else; it's a Christmas present we got to surprise you with, and you will be surprised, too."

"Well—if it ain't a pig, all right," said Grandpa Utscoffer. "I don't want to have to stew up feed for a pig in winter."

So we went outside, the Will boy and me, and we studied what to do. Those boys sort of relied on me, me knowing about polar bears as I did. The Will boy called the others and we consulted.

"Me and Jim," the Will boy said, "will go get the polar bear whilst Ed and Sam and Sailor Joe go up and finish mending up the sap house, so the polar bear can't get out. We'll wander down the road and get old Jed Wiskit to hitch up his sledge and fetch the polar bear to the sap house."



So off Will and Jim went, down the road, and Ed and Sam and me went up to the sap house. We nailed and hammered and carried in about ten tons of snow so the polar bear would be comfortable. About two hours later—which was mighty quick time to Hilltown and back—here come the sledge and the boys and Jed Wiskit and the big crate was on the sledge. Jed's two old horses looked like equine Santa Clauses—white foam froze all over them and white foam whiskers hanging from their chins.

"Tarnation!" old Jed exclaimed. "Hosses run away all the way from station, and it's uphill most of the way. Never knew the old mud turtles had that much life left in 'em."

"Polar bear," I said. "Hosses have got sense. They know when a wild animal is close to them."

"Station agent he thought it was a pig," old Jed chuckled.

"My lands!" I exclaimed. "I didn't think

there was an ignoramus left in the world that didn't know a polar bear from a pig when he seen one."

"But it does look something like a pig," the Will boy said. "Like a big hog, maybe. Come on, get the crate inside the sap house; I think the polar bear is catching cold."

II.

WELL, it was sneezing and coughing some. Quite considerable. Matter of fact the animal was sneezing and coughing like to sneeze and cough its head off. And it was shivering, too. It was shivering so hard that it mighty near shook the crate off the sledge. We got the crate into the sap house and I looked through a crack in the crate.

"Well, what in tarnation!" I cried, for I couldn't hardly believe my eyesight. "It *is* a pig."

"No, it ain't," the Jim boy said. "Look at the snoot of it; no pig has a snoot like that. You never saw a pig as tall as that, did you?"

"But look at the skin of it," I said. "No polar bear ever had a skin like that."

"But that ain't its skin," the Will boy said. "That's oilskin. The polar bear is sewed up in oilskin."

"Well, boil me in butter if it ain't!" I exclaimed. "It's all sewed up in an oilskin cover."

"Anyway," the Sam boy said, "let's get it out of the crate," and I thought so, too, because the polar bear wasn't happy in that crate. It whined like a sad puppy, and sneezed and coughed awful. So we set the sap house door ajar so we could make a sudden bolt for outside if the polar bear went for us, and the Ed boy took a hammer and began knocking boards off the crate. When enough were off to let the bear out we all made jumps for the door, but the polar bear did not move. So the Will boy —he was brave—went up closer.

"Come, Alonzo! Come, Alonzo!" he called. "Nice old bear; come on out!"

Alonzo, the Florida man had wrote, was the bear's name. But the bear did not come out. So we all ventured closer and coaxed it, but it would not come. So we got pieces of sap wood and done our best to pry that polar bear out of the crate, but it would not pry. It backed away back in the crate and hung on with its claws. So we went around back and up-ended the crate and just naturally dumped the polar bear out of it. Alonzo sort of fell on one ear on the snow, with its hind end up, and lay there.

"I swan to goodness!" I said. "I never in my born days seen a polar bear like this one is!"

It never moved at all, except to heave a little when it sneezed. The boys took a couple of pieces of sap wood and pried the polar bear up and I got down and looked under it. Trouble was that one of its paws had got caught in a rent in the oilskin and it couldn't move, so I pulled out my knife and began ripping the oilskin cover off the bear. And what do you think was under that oilskin? A blanket! Yes, sir, a blanket! Sewed on. So I ripped that blanket off of Alonzo, and under it was another blanket. Four blankets in all, and all sewed onto that bear. And when the last blanket was off from Alonzo we just stood and stared at him.

I never in my life seen a bear like that one—no, sir! From nose to tail it was as bare as an apple—not a hair on it—not even a bit of fuzz.

"Boys," I says, "the trouble with this polar bear is that it's got the mange."

It was a sad sight and no mistake. It was so lean its ribs stuck out like pickets on a fence. It stood there shaking like a leaf and sneezing every time you could count five, and coughing every time you could count ten.

"Don't it look awful?" the Sam boy said. "What can we do about it?"

"What you've got to do," I said, "is get some hair restorer and grow fur on it again. Mange cure is the best. If you rub this polar bear with mange cure morning and evening for a while you'll maybe grow fur on it."

"By Christmas? In

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

WE looked in at the kitchen window and there was Alonzo; he was sitting on the kitchen floor alongside the stove and he was looking happier than I'd yet seen him look.

[A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GRANDPA
Continued from Page Seven]

time to surprise Grandpa Utscoffer?" the Jim boy asked.

"I guess he'd be more surprised to get it the way it is," I said, "but personally I like polar bears with more hair on. Boys," I said, looking at the bear, "I believe this bear is chilly. I believe this bear is sufferin' from the cold."

"A polar bear? Sufferin' from cold?" the Jim boy asked scornful-like.

"Does seem queer, maybe," I said, "but you got to remember this polar bear was born in captivity and has been livin' in Florida where it's hot. This ain't no longer an arctic polar bear, this is a torrid zone polar bear. Say, wait a minute, now!"

I went up close to the polar bear and looked it over and felt its skin with my fingers.

"Boys," I said, "I was wrong! This bear ain't got the mange no more than I have; it's been shaved. Its fur must have been too hot for it in Orlando, and this Fusmusser man shaved it. Its fur will grow out again or I'm a skeezicks."

Well, that was better. It cheered the boys up a lot, because there was a whale of a lot of that polar bear and giving it a mange cure rub twice a day wouldn't have been no easy job.

"Boys," I said, "I'll give you some advice, and you can take it or leave it—if I was you I'd try to warm this polar bear up a little or it's liable to freeze to death up in this cold climate before it gets acclimated to it. If I was you I'd start a little fire under the sap pans and give the animal some warmth and comfort."

So Ed and Sam got sap wood and started a fire under the evaporation pans, and the minute Alonzo felt that warmth he chirked right up. He lifted his head and sniffed the smoke and when he sensed where the heat was coming from he waddled right over to the sap outfit and climbed into the lowest sap pan and curled down on it.

AND that wouldn't do at all. A polar bear with fur on it might lie down on a hot sap pan and only scorch the fur off him, but a naked one would sure blister all up in a minute or two when the fire got going good. And the fire was getting going real good. Me and the Sam boy tried to pull Alonzo off the pan, but he was too much weight for us and we called for help, and the whole five of us took hold of him and did get him off.

But even an acclimated polar bear is as strong as a horse, nearly, and it took all five of us to hold him off from the sap pan. We got him pushed up against the side of the sap house and the five of us put our hands against him and pushed and that way we held him there. He struggled hard, but we held him. The only trouble was that we couldn't let go; we had to keep pushing that Alonzo polar bear against the side of the sap house until the fire burned completely out and the pans got cool, and the trouble with that was that Ed and Sam had built up such a good big fire.

In a little bit the two tons of snow we had carried in began to melt and for the first half hour we stood up to our knees in slush, and from then on up to our ankles in water. By and by Sam boy had an idea; he turned around and pushed one foot back to help hold the polar bear against the wall, and threw water into the fire and onto the sap pans. Then we let Alonzo have his own way and he climbed right into one of the sap pans and sat down on his tail.

It was dark by when I got back to my shack and I fixed up a rousing fire and cooked my supper, and along in an hour or so came Sam. He looked mighty worried.

"You look worried," I said.

"I'm fretted some," he said. "When I got back to the farmhouse Grandpa Utscoffer was in quite a pet. Yes, he was scolding around quite outrageous—for him. 'I vummy!' he was saying, 'if I believed in witches I'd say all the stock on the place was witched, I would. Can't account for it no other way.' It was his live stock," the Sam boy explained. "It ran away."

"All of it?"

"Every head of it," the Sam boy said. "Three horses, twelve cows, one bull, and the pig. They went crazy, the hired man said. First the horses went crazy and busted out of the barn, and then the bull went crazy and busted right through the side of the barn, and then the cows went crazy and went after them. And then the pig went crazy and broke down the pen and went over the hills and far away, squalling bloody murder."

"Got a scent of Alonzo," I said. "They smelled polar bear and was scared to fits. We ought to have thought of that. Same as Jed's horses ran away."

"Yes," said the Sam boy, "and the dickens of it is that the wind blows from the sap house direction all winter, with hardly a let-up. The hired man is out trying to find the stock now, but he'll have a hard hunt of it. But that ain't what's worrying me, Joe. What do polar bears eat?"

"Well—they eat fish," I told him. "They eat seals, too, but there ain't an overplenty of seals up here in New York State. Fish is what you'll have to feed Alonzo."

"Do they—do polar bears eat much?" this Sam boy asked me sort of tremulouslike.

"They do, Sam," I told him as gently as I could. "They eat a whale of a lot. They have bully appetites, polar bears have. Maybe a bushel of fish a day."

The Sam boy groaned and just then the three other boys came in and shut the door.

"He eats a bushel of fish a day," the Sam boy said, mighty glum.

"And nowhere around here to get fish except out of Lake Teechy," said the Will boy.

"And the lake is frozen over solid," said the Jim boy.

"With ice forty inches thick," the Ed boy said, sickishlike.

"Joe," the Sam boy asked me, "what sort of bait does a fellow use to fish through the ice with for pickerel?"

"Well, up north," I said, "what fishing we did through the ice we did with whale blubber in chunks. You go and catch a whale and cut the blubber into chunks an inch square for little fish, or a foot square for big fish, and you——"

"The only whale I know of," said the Ed boy, "is in the museum down at New York, and it ain't anything but a skeleton."

"It wouldn't do," I said. "A whale to use as fish bait has got to have blubber on it."

So we all sat there thinking how long it would take to cut a hole through forty inches of ice, even if we had whale blubber, and we had just about made up our minds to let the polar bear starve, and be done with it, when Grandma Utscoffer came leaping up to my shack, three feet at a leap. We could hear her coming a long way off, screaming at every leap, and she fell against my door and banged it open.

"HELP! Help! Help!" she screamed. "A wild animal is killing grandpa!"

"What kind of an animal, mam?" I asked her.

"A ridikilis animile," she panted.

"That's Alonzo," I said, getting up and getting into my coat. "That's the polar bear—he's a ridiculous animal if ever there was one. Come on, boys, or grandpa's Christmas present may damage him bad."

We rushed down the hill with Grandma Utscoffer following us, and when we got to the farmhouse we found Grandpa Utscoffer outside and looking in at the kitchen window. He was awful badly mussed up, but not injured, far as I could see. We looked in at the kitchen window and there was Alonzo; he was sitting on the kitchen floor alongside the stove and he was looking happier than I'd yet seen him look. He had a link of stove pipe in his front legs, hugging it to him, warming himself up.

"My goodness gracious, mercy lands-o'-goodness!" Grandpa Utscoffer said. "I vum I never had no such business happen to me in my born days! What in the frost-bit, sunbaked land-o'-goodness kind of a wild animule is that, anyway?"

"It's a polar bear, grandpa," the Will boy said.

"Only it's an acclimated Florida polar bear and it likes to be warm," the Jim boy said.

"We traded our secondhand phonograph for it," the Sam boy said.

"Because you own Icy Glade," the Ed boy said, "and you always said Icy Glade would be just perfect if you had a polar bear, so we got you one for a Christmas surprise, and this is it!"

And what do you think Grandpa Utscoffer said? Just then the polar bear edged up a little closer to the kitchen stove, and when I looked at Grandpa Utscoffer I saw two big tears roll down his cheeks.

"Well, ain't that nice!" he said. "A polar bear for Christmas! It's just what I wanted." He had to say that, the dear old man, because that's what everybody says when they get a Christmas present, but he turned to me then.

"Joe," he said to me, "you've been in the arctic regions; what's the quickest and painlessest way to kill a polar bear?"

THE END

Your Mirror Tells the Story of Your Future

IN next week's issue Liberty prints a highly unusual article. It gives the results of the long experience of scientists in analyzing human features and their relations to character and ability.

You may be deceived about your own talents. You may be trying to succeed in some work for which you are not fitted. Your face will tell the story if you know how to read it. Next week's Liberty gives you simple and exact instructions.

Examples from the gallery of famous men and women are printed as test cases to prove the theory and help you solve your own problem. The facts rest upon the authority of eminent scientific observers.

Read the article . . . . . .

Your Face *IS* Your Fortune

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

The Blackmailers of New York

The Startling Exposure of a New Phase of an Old Criminal Industry, Which Has Spread Its Tentacles Over America's Largest City, and Is Rapidly Extending Itself Into Domains of Wealth and Respectability in All Quarters of the Land

By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

Formerly Deputy Police Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, Police Department, New York City

FIRST ARTICLE

NOT long ago, in the teeming hour toward dusk when Fifth Avenue, New York, is most crowded, some enigmatic thief took pearls and other gems worth nearly seven hundred thousand dollars from the suite of Mrs. Jessie Woolworth Donahue in the opulent Hotel Plaza. The circumstances were peculiar.

Mrs. Donahue, assisted by her broker-husband, had spent many years assembling two marvelous strings of pink pearls, which the daughter of the late five-and-ten-cent-store magnate wore on sundry occasions.

On the evening in question, the lady removed the pearls, put them into a desk drawer and went into the next room for a bath, leaving a trusted maid in still another room of the apartment. A few hours later, when the pearls were wanted, they were gone. Not a sound had been heard, not a shadow seen.

But more and denser mystery was to follow. A few days later a detective employed by the insurance company which held the risk on the Donahue jewels, announced that a stranger, who gave a meaningless name, had summoned him to a smaller hotel, and handed over the stolen baubles in return for a reward of sixty-five thousand dollars.

The police were astonished. At least they professed to be. The newspaper reporters stared at each other. Prosecutors summoned witnesses and the grand jury heard their stories. An indictment was handed down against the insurance detective, but men shook their heads. There was something wrong here. Soon the newspapers told of a perhaps mythical English thief, an expert porch climber and jewel thief. He is still among the shadows.

Now, it happens there are two kinds of people in the greatest of cities—those who believe what they read, and those who have gloomy suspicions about everything. Broadway calls them the saps and the wise ones. In the minds of the latter, a theory began to form. A tale began passing from lip to ear and back to lip again. A word fashioned itself upon the tongues of all that numerous and hopeless metropolitan crew that knows too much and too bitterly; a word at once terrifying and appalling——

Blackmail!

It matters not whether there was foundation for this theory. No evidence whatsoever was adduced to sustain it. Yet so common has blackmail become in New York that it suggests itself immediately as the explanation of almost any unsolved mystery.

Why? Because hovering over the night clubs—over the great office buildings, the theaters, the great and small hotels, the homes of the rich, and even the schools where the rich send their children—is a flock of men and women who live sumptuously on their enormous profits; live in reasonable safety because they are shrewd, wise, clever. They take no chances. Where there is not a basis for blackmail, they create one. Their ingenuity is amazing.

Attractive young women are sent out to scout the hotels for chance foolish men. Picture by Gerald Leake

THE present proportions of their profession is a relatively recent thing. It is the result primarily of the nation's accumulation of unprecedented wealth. In former days, only a relatively small group of persons had money enough to reward the efforts of blackmailers. But now prospective victims are everywhere in the larger cities.

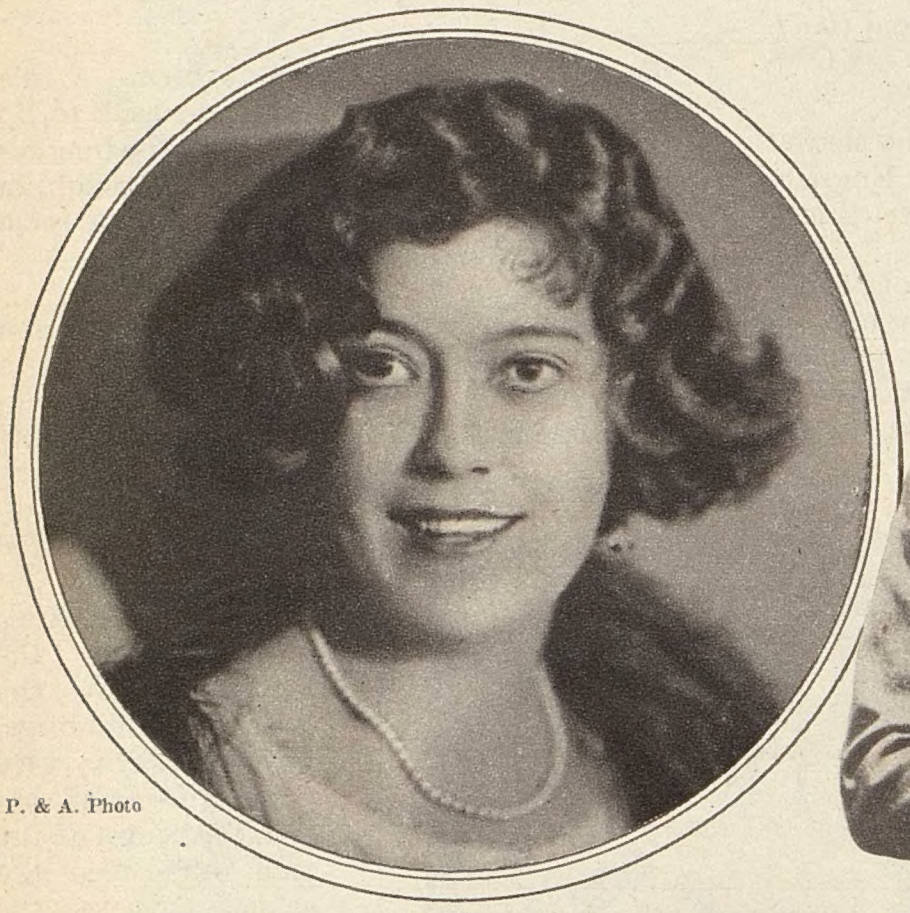
All you need is money to be listed as a possibility. Usually the victim has passed youth and often middle age—

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BLACKMAILERS OF NEW YORK
Continued from Page Nine]

the wife, perhaps, of a moderately prosperous merchant. What has she done? That's simple. She has gone to one of the mushroom night clubs with a party. She, eager to dance, is introduced to a burnished young man who feeds her on flattery.

She is invited to a suburban road house. A few afternoons later she accepts. There is drinking and dancing. She does no wrong, but is embraced—perhaps against her will—by one of the young men. And then pseudo-detectives appear. They burst into the private room where the party is being held. There is much simulated fear and trembling by the men and women whom the gang has planted in the party. With the detectives comes a woman who flies in a stage-rage at the victim.



P. & A. Photo

Louise Lawson, the mystery of whose murder has never been solved. There were wealthy men in her career. And letters.

"So you're the woman who is vamping my husband? You with all your money. Did you ever hear of alienating affections? Well, you will. I didn't believe this, but here I find you in each other's arms. And you old enough to be his mother."

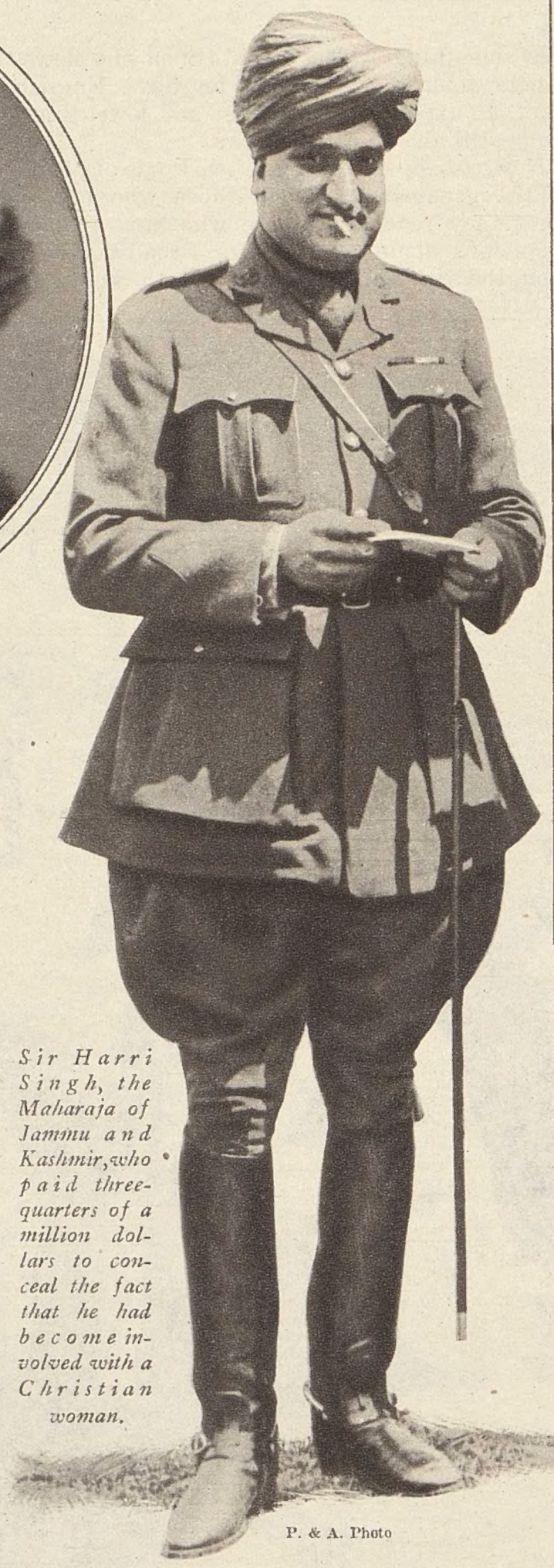
AND what is the victim going to do about it? Tell her husband? Take a chance in court of having a shyster lawyer make a fool of her? Make herself the laughingstock of her friends? Think it over. Would you?

In nine cases in ten the woman pays. She pays according to the hold the gang has upon her—according to the extent of her playing. One might continue along this line indefinitely. There are hundreds of men and women plying this profession. There are dozens of lawyers aiding and abetting them.

And as there are sucker lists in every brokerage bucket-shop which criminally robs you by selling stock it doesn't have, so are there sucker lists in the vest pockets of the leaders of these blackmail crews of New York—and Chicago, Detroit, and Los Angeles. The lists grow as our wealth grows. Perhaps the most celebrated of these lists is the famous Black Book owned by one of Broadway's most notorious characters.

In it are the histories of prospects—who their families are, how much money they have, the form of the family skeleton, their weaknesses, fads, and fancies. Agents of the owner of this Black Book are found in the homes of the rich—butlers, housemen, housemaids, maids, valets. Not so long ago it was shown that a notorious blackmailer—one of the celebrated We Boys—owned and directed two large employment agencies dealing with domestic help.

You will find the blackmailer's agent in the abbreviated coat of a waiter who serves you in your rooms in the hotel, in the club, the public restaurant. You will find him in the chauffeurs' quarters of large garages, the rest rooms of theaters, at the desks of hotels. He is wherever he can come into closest contact with the rich.



Sir Harri Singh, the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, who paid three-quarters of a million dollars to conceal the fact that he had become involved with a Christian woman.

P. & A. Photo

How much money is paid the blackmailers in America every year is, of course, a mystery. But what better can one do than take the word of some of New York's most skillful detectives who say "millions," and dismiss it like that.

Occasionally the newspapers confirm the existence of the plague. The cases of Sir Harri Singh, the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, and of Dorothy King, are examples of the relatively few cases in which the press is able to lift the veil of secrecy which surrounds the blackmailers' operations.

The Maharaja, it will be recalled, paid three-quarters of a million dollars to a ring of Continental extortionists to conceal the fact that he had become involved with a Christian woman.

In the King case, New York was afforded an illustration of the extremes to which such a blackmail conspiracy may lead.

© P. & A.

Dorothy King, "Broadway Butterfly," who met a tragic death, supposedly in consequence of a blackmail plot.

A few years ago this simple girl of lowly origin was found murdered in her gorgeous apartment in fashionable Fifty-seventh Street. The newspapers called her the Broadway Butterfly; and hackneyed though that title may be, it suited her admirably.

Her murderer has not been caught. The truth has never been published—maybe never will be. She knew many men, among them wealthy ones. They had ornamented her with diamonds and made it possible for her to live in luxury.

There was one man in particular. He was very rich. Also, he was infatuated with her. How much she loved him is problematical. He wrote her letters, which might have caused him—well, embarrassment.

The girl was murdered—chloroformed and strangled in her bed. She had fought hard. Her bruised body showed that. Some little jewelry was stolen. The letters? They were not found

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

Chevrolet's Greatest Year

-a half million cars in 1925

Never before has any manufacturer of gear-shift automobiles even approached Chevrolet's total production this year of over a half-million cars. Chevrolet is the world's largest builder of cars with modern 3-speed transmission—a position won and being held by providing quality at low cost.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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Touring	$525
Roadster	525
Coupe	675
Coach	695
Sedan	775
Commercial Chassis	425
Express Truck Chassis	550

ALL PRICES F.O.B. FLINT, MICH.

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Tongue, be happy!

I'VE kept you traveling a weary, hot-smoke trail, until you felt like a sunburned shoulder. I've peppered you for years—but that's all over. I didn't know how I was mistreating you. Forget it, Tongue. Be happy. I've discovered Prince Albert.

Briar or corncob, your future is just crammed with comfort. From now on, hot soup is your only enemy. For P.A. is cooler than the old swimmin' hole.

And me—I've sung the last verse of those Hot Pipe Blues. No more wasps in my smoke-life. I load up with Prince Albert and light up with happiness. I lean back in the old armchair and blow blue rings of bliss clear into the horizon of hope.

I'm set to slap down trouble, because I've found the one tobacco that makes my jimmy-pipe a pal for life—and nobody can tell me different. We're happy, I and my tongue and me.

As for you . . . be wise, Brother, be wise. Streak into the nearest smoke-shop. Let the chap behind the counter slip you your own tidy red tin of Prince Albert. Smoke up . . . and let the first fragrant pipeful break the glad news that your tobacco troubles are over.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

Look at the U. S. revenue stamp—there are TWO full ounces in every tin.

© 1925, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

by the police. Two theories tending to solve the murder resulted. The first:

In the night clubs, which knew Dot King, were squads of blackmailers. There is reason to believe that they had approached her with suggestions that she "lose" the letters; that she let the "finders" take them or copies of them to her wealthy patron. He was married. His social position was high. He would buy them. Perhaps a hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps half a million.

But there are all indications that she declined to betray the man. Again and again they asked her to "lend" them the letters. They took to threats. She laughed at them. Did the blackmailers get the letters? Perhaps. But they murdered her in doing it. And what good were the letters to them? None. The man in the case did the wise thing. He presented himself at the office of the district attorney and told his story. He faced the reporters and the cameramen and acknowledged that he was the man in Dot King's life. And thereby he thwarted the blackmailers. They could not force him to pay for a secret when it was no longer a secret.

THE other explanation of Dot King's murder is to be heard on Broadway. The writer of this article feels justified in saying that it lacks the substance of that set forth above. Yet it shows how the blackmailers of New York work.

Another man—older and even wealthier than the first—had paid Dot King court. He had written her letters compared with which the first man's were curt notes. With or without her knowledge, these letters were read by an agent of the blackmailer. She was asked to surrender them.

But while this was going on the man heard of the blackmail plot. He would beat the blackmailers to it. He would hire men to get those letters—his own fervid epistles. Get them. Use force if necessary, but get them.

Take your choice. Dot King was murdered. The letters? Perhaps the mystery will be cleared away some day.

Louise Lawson, as pretty as Dot King and as well courted, died in her apartment under circumstances so similar that it is impossible not to connect them. Her friends were not so numerous as Dot's; she was less of the mixer. Yet she was murdered in almost exactly the same way. There were wealthy men in her career. And letters. The crime has not been solved.

Is some man today paying blackmail for his letters to her? Is some man paying for his missives to Dot King?

The great heart of the blackmail industry—for an industry it is—is sex. In countries where convention, as we know it, is less hard and fast it is not so easy for the extortioner to make men and women tremble—and pay.

It is only fair to New York, which has been made the target for much moral indignation of late, to say that the usual victims in this special class of blackmail are not New Yorkers, but men from the corn, cotton, and other belts, who go to New York to have their fling, far from the rigidities and black looks of the home folk. These men are the easiest victims of all, for the least hint of their escapades would destroy them in their own communities.

The man from the little town in the sticks comes to the big, bright city, pays twenty dollars a quart for bootleg Scotch and as much for Staten Island champagne. He runs wild. He prances about with the fancy butterflies that infest the streets, the theaters, the hotels, and the cabarets. He often gets himself robbed and blackmailed. Then he goes home.

HE feels no hypocrisy upon him. He is convinced that what he has been doing is just an innocent letting off of steam. On the other hand, he feels that the man or woman who takes advantage of his errancy is a rascal. Also he is indignant at New York for permitting such creatures to operate there.

Occasionally, a man who believes he is being blackmailed is in a position to fight back. One such case, where a blackmail prosecution resulted, involved the dapper and elusive Dandy Phil Kastel, sometime broker and general adventurer.

Kastel brought a suit for four hundred thousand dollars against a millionaire manufacturer who was a bachelor, charging that he had alienated the affections of Mrs. Kastel. The manufacturer responded by bringing a charge of blackmail against Kastel and two others.

He recited that he had met the involved woman at a party through friends, that he had been led to believe she was single and later that she was wed but separated from her husband, whose whereabouts was unknown. He told of taking her to many entertainments and restaurants and of being invited to a small apartment she kept not far from Broadway. One evening while he was there, he charged, Mrs. Kastel left the room and soon returned, partly undressed and in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 15]

Picture by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

THE truly big cases do not get to the courts. Many are handled by private detectives and still more by lawyers.

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
NOW IN CHICAGO

TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

"Sherman a Guide Post In Chicago"

George Barr McCutcheon

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

"Back in the old days, when I as a youngster used to take advantage of the dollar excursions and go up from La Fayette to Chicago, the old Sherman House served as a sort of guide-post for me. Lake Michigan was so many blocks east of the Sherman and the Polk Street Station so many blocks south. The lay of the Sherman gave me the lay of the land, so to speak.

"The old Sherman was a matured and stately institution back in the old days, and it was a friendly hotel. Being friendly and up and doing, it reflected the spirit that is Chicago. It was bound to expand, and the New Hotel Sherman is a natural consequence. Chicago is setting a pace that is amazing the world, and the New Hotel Sherman visualizes the city's far-sightedness; it measures up for the future as well as for the present. I am glad to have met the friendly Sherman back in the old days, and I know I shall be glad to shake hands with it whenever I get into Chicago in these days."

George Barr McCutcheon

Scene from "GRAUSTARK" Mr. McCutcheon's well-known novel

WHY THE SHERMAN IS POPULAR

To the traveller, his hotel is home, and New Hotel Sherman is Chicago's most popular hotel because it gives the kind of hotel service the travelling public most desires. Thousands of guests of the old hotel told the management what they would like to see in the new hotel.

Immediate room assignment was asked by busy business men, and by supplying plenty of moderate-priced rooms, always ready, vexing waits for rooms have been eliminated at the new Hotel Sherman.

Plenty of high-speed elevators, a passageway direct from the street to the desks and lifts, a special floor with extra long beds for tall guests, another special floor for women, and many other innovations have been introduced for the comfort of those who make their Chicago home at the New Hotel Sherman.

1700 Rooms
Each With Bath

75% at the HOTEL SHERMAN'S most moderate rates

No waiting for room assignment at any time

Most Central of Chicago's Hotels—Nearest Theatres, Shopping District, Public Buildings, Boulevards

CHICAGO'S LEADING RESTAURANTS

The College Inn, internationally known for its cuisine and as a gathering place for notables, has Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra as its musical attraction.

The Bal Tabarin, Chicago's smartest supper club, has Tony Sarg's clever Marionettes as the featured performers.

Another notable restaurant is the *Old Town Coffee Room*, decorated by Tony Sarg with a huge cartographer's map of Chicago in 1852. It is one of the show places of Chicago. It serves the famous Hotel Sherman food at popular prices.

There is a larger and handsomer *Celtic Grill.*

A magnificent new *Grand Ball Room*, seating 2,000, together with numerous private dining rooms, gives Hotel Sherman banquet facilities superior to any hotel in Chicago.

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · *Chicago*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

a kimono. Immediately afterwards, according to the manufacturer, the door to the apartment was broken open and Kastel entered with another man and tried to attack the rich man with a dagger.

After a lively scene, he was allowed to go, but before he left a third man had arrived and suggested to him that he had better settle for cash and avoid a scandal. The manufacturer wound up by charging that the whole thing was no more than a variant of the old and perennial badger game. Kastel was not found guilty by the jury, but Kastel's suit languished thereafter.

But the truly big cases, the sensational affairs, do not get to the prosecutor's office and the courts. Many of them are handled by private detectives and still more by lawyers. In the last named class there is no more than a haggling over a settlement. The victim's lawyer tries to get the cheapest terms he can and to bluff the blackmailers into trying no repetitions of their game.

THE blackmail industry has a press of its own. There flourished for years in New York a weekly magazine which lived exclusively by extortion. *Broadway Brevities*, as the paper was called, has been taken to the graveyard of similar publications which tried to operate in the past. But the full story of this extraordinary project and the conditions of New York life that made it possible has not been told and will have to be recounted in a subsequent chapter of this series.

The blackmail rings maintain attractive young women, some of whom are actually the wives of members, in apartments along Riverside Drive and in other fashionable or quasi-fashionable parts of the city. The young women are sent out, either to scout the hotels for chance foolish men or in a more organized and efficient way.

The police constantly are breaking up such nests, but the work is arduous, because the victims almost without exception refuse to appear in court or to press the charges. The agonizing prospect of publicity hangs above their heads, and they take their medicine.

Sometimes the completely innocent are made victims of blackmailers. One such case was made known to me through the courtesy of Capt. James Gegan of the Bomb Squad of the New York Police Department and his assistant, Detective James F. McCoy.

A certain Captain X, formerly in the Army in France, now a broker in Wall Street, was sitting in a Broadway hotel one evening, waiting for a friend. Near by in the lobby sat a young woman. She began a conversation with the assertion that she, too, had been in the Army in France—a nurse. (The captain was still in uniform.) The pretty stranger, after a time, confided that she was in trouble owing to the delayed arrival of a remittance from Sweden. A little money would mean a great deal to her in such a crisis. The captain, not knowing quite what to do, gave her ten dollars, and would have let it go at that, but she insisted that she could only take the money if it was understood she might repay it.

Captain X, to satisfy the ex-nurse, gave her his card, containing his business address, which the borrower took eagerly and put into her pocket.

The next morning, while the officer-broker was still asleep, there was an energetic knock on the door of his bachelor apartment, in the midtown section of New York. Captain X got up and sleepily opened the door. He was astounded to see before him the girl of the night before. She was thrust into the room before X had time to think what to do. She was weeping.

"What do you want? How do you come to know my home address?" asked the startled officer.

Before there was any answer a hulking big fellow pushed his way into the apartment.

"What do you mean by giving my wife money?"

The captain, naturally perplexed, stammered for a moment and said there must be some mistake.

"Never mind any mistake," said the second man. "I know your tricks. I'm going to have you arrested. Put on your coat and hat and come along. And be quick about it. This will be pretty good stuff for the newspapers."

THE officer dressed hurriedly.

"See here," said the husky intruder, when he had finished, "I hate to take a man like you and expose him. This thing can be fixed up for five hundred dollars."

Captain X had the cue at last and decided to play the game.

"I haven't any cash to speak of with me," he said. "But I'll give it to you at my office if you'll come there."

The man, at the tearful behest of his "wife," agreed to meet Captain X at Broadway and Wall Street at one o'clock sharp, an hour when that spot is one of the most crowded places on earth.

"Don't try any tricks and don't think you can get away with anything," snarled the blackmailer. "You'll be shadowed from the time you leave here till you show up with the coin."

With that the shakedown artists left and the captain hurried to his office, naturally perturbed. Being a practical man and innocent, he telephoned the whole story to the police. He was instructed to keep the appointment with some marked bills and a check in a package. His orders were to wait at the corner until either the blackmailers or the detectives showed up and relieved him. He must stay there for hours if need be.

Long before the appointed time, Captain Gegan and Detectives McCoy, Brierton, Roddy, and O'Hara had concealed themselves on both sides of Broadway at Wall Street. Captain X showed up sharply at one o'clock and began pacing slowly up and down in the shadow of Old Trinity Church. Half an hour passed; then an hour. At half past two nothing had happened, and so at three o'clock.

Then, suddenly, two men disengaged themselves from a stream of people and approached the waiting broker.

AT the same moment the police, taking advantage of the surging masses, were able to close in and hear the conversation.

"Have you got that?" demanded the fake husband.

"Yes," answered the broker.

"Give it to me"

Captain X handed over the package and the husband put it into his pocket.

In that instant three real detectives sprang upon the extortioners and two more ran up from across the street.

The trapped blackmailers fought bitterly, up and down the walks and into the street. To complicate matters, the crowd which gathered raised the cry that bank messengers were being held up and displayed a tendency to go to the aid of the captives. Two or three men threw themselves into the fight and had to be driven off.

The struggling prisoners finally were dragged into a taxicab, taken to headquarters and thrown into cells.

In a notebook taken from one of the men was found an address on West Fiftieth Street, and when this apartment was raided a search revealed a list of prominent men and many letters to and from persons of note in the business and theatrical world, who were being either lured or blackmailed.

One and all, these prospects refused the police invitations to appear and tell their stories. But even so, the two extortioners were convicted and sent away, one to prison for two and one-half years, the other to Elmira Reformatory.

Such a case is exceptional, but even it reveals the terror in which men live of the blackmail beast.

The underworld of today is probably not as you have pictured it. It has revolutionized its methods in the last fifteen years. In the next article of this series Mr. Dougherty will reveal facts of importance to every reputable citizen. You will find it in next week's Liberty.

Int. Photo Int. Photo

Phil Kastel and his wife. Kastel was accused by a millionaire manufacturer of playing the old badger game. He was not found guilty, but his suit against the rich man, charging alienation of Mrs. Kastel's affections, languished thereafter.

Liberty's All-American

By HUGH

P. & A. Photo

Tully, Dartmouth—End.

At the left: Joss, Yale—Tackle.

P. & A. Photo

At the right: Hess, Ohio—Guard.

P. & A. Photo

P. & A. Photo

Friedman, Michigan—Quarterback.

Oberlander, Dartmouth—Halfback.

Int. Photo

The Men Seventy-six of the Country's Leading Coaches Believe Are Entitled to Places on This Year's Honor Eleven and Why — Also These Same Experts Have Chosen All-Eastern, All-Southern, All-Midwestern, and All-Pacific Coast Teams, from Which the All-American Team Was Compiled

LIBERTY'S All-American football team is picked this year by seventy-six of the leading coaches in the United States. It represents a bird's-eye view of America's greatest sport. All sections of the country are embraced in this sweeping survey, which includes, in addition to an All-American team, All-Eastern, All-Pacific Coast, All-Midwestern, and All-Southern selections.

With more than seven thousand teams comprising more than a quarter of a million players, with more than four hundred and fifty university and college teams, and with more than thirty conferences and groups to be studied, the task of choosing the leading players in each position in the country was considered too great for any one expert. No one person can see even fifty per cent of the star players in action. Players who seem stars one week may be mediocre the next and their form on the day they are seen may mislead any expert.

Liberty decided that the coaches who work with and direct the players alone know the true values of men through a season. Therefore, Liberty asked seventy-six of the leading football mentors of America to choose the six best players they saw during the season—whether on their own or opposing teams.

Liberty then asked William Roper of Princeton, Fielding H. Yost of the University of Michigan, Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt University, and Andrew Smith of the University of California, four veteran coaches of the highest standing and each leader of a great team, to take the opinions of the coaches in their districts and select the sectional teams.

After these four ranking judges of football in America had chosen their section teams I took their selections and, by using a consensus of opinion of all the coaches, picked the All-American teams.

Where doubt existed as to the relative values of two men in a position I studied their work in different games and the aggregate strength of the opposition they encountered, and awarded first place to the man who had the hardest opponents through the season.

In all save four positions there was no room for doubt as to the outstanding stars. In four positions the candidates rated so closely together they were practically equal and a position on the second All-American is practically as great an honor as one on the first team.

There was more difficulty in picking the third team than the first, because, after sorting the outstanding stars, the good ones came in crowds, so that even the coaches found difficulty in picking the best men.

Begin with the fullbacks, and see what the swarm of successors of Walter Camp were up against. To select the first two ranking fullbacks of the country, basing one's choice on the judgment of the coaches, and with due regard to the players' performances in kicking, passing, line plunging, running, and judgment, was not as hard as to decide third ranking.

Ernie Nevers of Stanford undoubtedly is the All-American fullback. Every coach on the Pacific Coast accords him the honor, and his performances, with practically a new team around him, uphold his claim over all others. Eastern and Midwestern coaches may disagree, but Glenn Warner casts the deciding vote. "Pop" telegraphed me, saying:

"Ernie Nevers is the outstanding player of the Pacific Coast. Good at punting, passing,

LIBERTY'S ALL-

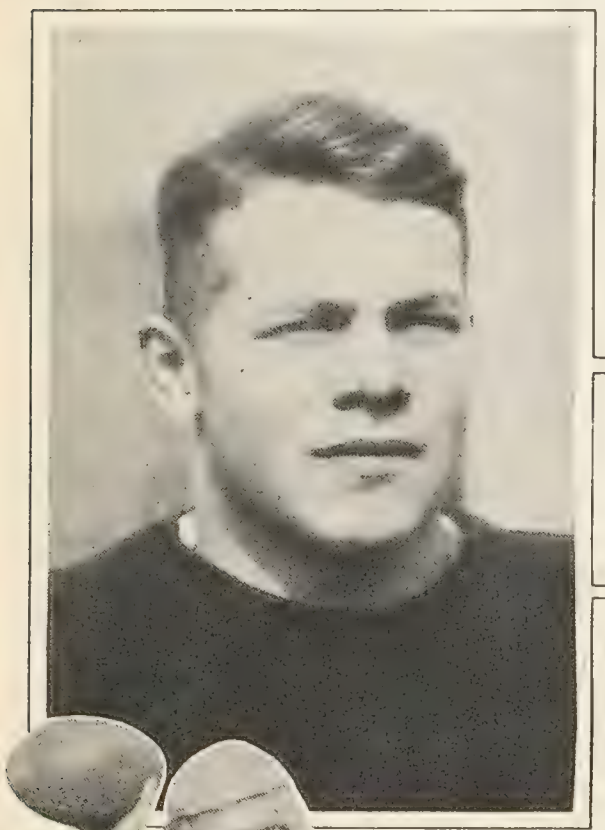
Selected by consensus of opinion of seventy-

Position	First Team	
End	Tully	*Dartmouth*
Tackle	Joss	*Yale*
Guard	Carey	*California*
Center	Brown	*Michigan*
Guard	Hess	*Ohio*
Tackle	Ed. Weir	*Nebraska*
End	Romey	*Iowa*
Quarterback	Friedman	*Michigan*
Halfback	Oberlander	*Dartmouth*
Halfback	Grange	*Illinois*
Fullback	Nevers	*Stanford*

Note—Several players are shifted to get the best men. With inter

Football Team *for 1925*

FULLERTON



Brown, Michigan—Center.

Carey, California—Guard.

P. & A. Photo

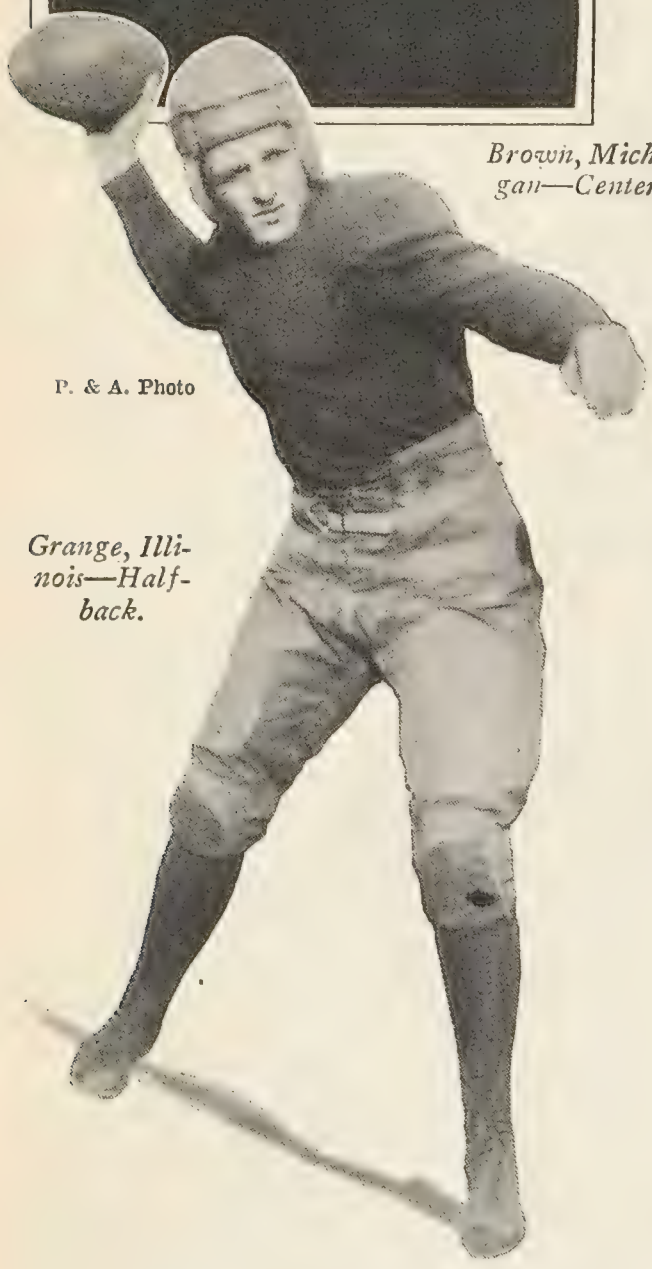
Ed. Weir, Nebraska—Tackle.

P. & A. Photo

Above: Nevers, Stanford—Fullback.

At the left: Romey, Iowa—End.

Keystone Photo



P. & A. Photo

Grange, Illinois—Halfback.

plunging, running in open field, and great in defense. Is over six feet tall, weighs over two hundred pounds, and is the best fullback I have ever seen."

When Warner, who coached Carlisle when Thorpe was a back, and Pittsburgh when Pitt was developing great teams, declares a man the greatest he ever has seen, no doubt is left.

KREUZ of Penn, in spite of a season of injuries, heavy fields, and a line worn down by a hard schedule, that smashed unexpectedly, is awarded second ranking. After that one must study closely to decide between Gustafson of Pitt, Joesting of Minnesota, Karow of Ohio, Wyckoff of Georgia Tech, Kline of Yale, and Wyndham (Windy) White of V. M. I.

Wyckoff is awarded the preference because of his long experience and the fact that Tech this season encountered about as stiff and brilliant resistance as any team. His work was consistently good, and, as a triple-threat man with unusual headwork, he figures best among those recommended by the coaches. The Southern coaches who saw him in action, Rockne of Notre Dame, and some of the Northern coaches proclaim him one of the greatest of backfield men. Kline, who seemed in line for great honors, had rather a disastrous season and did not show consistently. Joesting undoubtedly is a great fullback and Gustafson, the Pitt giant, showed his true worth after the team got to working together after a ragged start.

No one, of course, ranks with Red Grange, the unanimous choice of most of the coaches in the country and practically all in the Midwest. It requires no argument to give the first All-American place among halfbacks to Grange.

Oberlander, the Dartmouth giant who, by his brilliant passing—perhaps the greatest exhibition of the year—his plunging and open field running, as well as his strong defensive work, wins the call over all rivals for the other halfback position. His forward passing this season has been superb. He simply palmed footballs, and his throwing was consistent.

Only one greater exhibition was given, that by Slagle of Princeton against Harvard, when he completed nine forward passes before missing one. Princeton will cry that Slagle deserves a place on the All-American, but how can he, great as he is, displace either Grange or Oberlander? It is his misfortune to have his best year at a time when there are two superplayers to rival him.

Slagle ranks the second team halfbacks, with Tryon of Colgate as his side partner. Tryon is one of the greatest backs in history. Colgate's victory over Princeton, the high mark of their season, was due to Tryon's superb attack in the darkness of the last few minutes of the struggle. He has had far more experience than most backs, playing his fourth year at Colgate, and, with a stronger opposition, he might have done even greater things. Not that Colgate had an easy season with Lafayette, Princeton, and Syracuse to lick.

The halfback positions on the third team go to Mack Brown of Alabama, declared by the Southern coaches one of the greatest of backs, and to Wilson of Washington, whose play against California was largely responsible for the Coast championship. In fact, the Coast coaches seem inclined to argue that Wilson is in a class with the best and even want him rated up with Grange and Oberlander.

The quarterbacks offer no more difficult problem as far as the first choice goes. Benny Friedman of Michigan, on performance and on the selection by coaches, rates first. Bunnell of Yale, who was until the climax of the Blue season regarded as the East's certain candidate for the honors, suffered severe reverses in the Princeton game and failed to live up to the high standard set for him.

Great in running back punts, in plunging

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

AMERICAN TEAMS

six leading football coaches of the United States

Second Team	Third Team
Shipke .....*Stanford*	Oosterbaan.*Michigan*
Stiner .....*Nebraska*	Sargent ...*California*
Mahan..*West Virginia*	Davis .....*Princeton*
McMillan ..*Princeton*	Bonamy .*Washington*
Pike ....*Pennsylvania*	Schmidt .....*Army*
Chase.....*Pitt*	Edwards ...*Michigan*
Born .....*Army*	Thayer.*Pennsylvania*
McPhail ..*Dartmouth*	Bunnell.....*Yale*
Tryon .....*Colgate*	Wilson..*Washington*
Slagle .....*Princeton*	M. Brown...*Alabama*
Kreuz ...*Pennsylvania*	Wyckoff.*Ge'rgia Tech*

from positions they played in order changeable backs this is permissible.

ARCHIE: *"But what was the trouble between them?"*

ISABEL: *"Well, it was just one of those things that even your best friend won't talk to you about."*

Listerine used as a mouth-wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath).

SECTIONAL HONOR TEAMS FOR 1925

As Chosen by the Country's Leading Coaches

ALL-EASTERN TEAMS

Selected by W. W. Roper, Coach of Princeton University

P. & A. Photo
W. W. Roper

First Team	Position	Second Team
Tully, *Dartmouth*	E.	Thayer, *Penn*
Gates, *Princeton*	T.	Joss, *Yale*
Chase, *Pittsburgh*	G.	Kilgour, *Harvard*
McMillan, *Princeton*	C.	Turner, *Harvard*
Sturhahn, *Yale*	G.	Pike, *Penn*
Lyons; *Amherst*	T.	Davis, *West Virginia*
Leary, *Fordham*	E.	Born, *Army*
Pease, *Columbia*	Q. B.	Caulkins, *Princeton*
Slagle, *Princeton*	H. B.	Allen, *Yale*
Oberlander, *Dartmouth*	H. B.	Dignan, *Princeton*
Tryon, *Colgate*	F. B.	Kreuz, *Penn*

ALL-MIDWESTERN TEAMS

Selected by Fielding H. Yost, Coach of the University of Michigan, Collaborating with Other Coaches

P. & A. Photo
Fielding H. Yost

First Team	Position	Second Team
Oosterbaan, *Michigan*	E.	Romey, *Iowa*
Henderson, *Chicago*	T.	Stiner, *Nebraska*
Koruski, *Iowa*	G.	Walsh, *Minnesota*
Brown, *Michigan*	C.	Lowry, *Northwestern*
Hess, *Ohio*	G.	Hanousek, *N. Dame*
Ed. Weir, *Nebraska*	T.	Edwards, *Michigan*
Kassell, *Illinois*	E.	Lampe, *Chicago*
Friedman, *Michigan*	Q. B.	D. Harmon, *Wisconsin*
Grange, *Illinois*	H. B.	Karow, *Ohio*
Lewis, *Northwestern*	H. B.	Frey, *Iowa*
Joesting, *Minnesota*	F. B.	Britton, *Illinois*

ALL-SOUTHERN TEAMS

Selected by Dan McGugin, Coach of Vanderbilt University

First Team	Position	Second Team
Lowe, *Tennessee*	E.	Stone, *Mississippi A.& M.*
Rives, *Vanderbilt*	T.	Goldstein, *Florida*
Kent, *Sewanee*	G.	Godwin, *Georgia Tech*
McIver, *N. Carolina*	C.	Poole, *Georgia Tech*
Buckler, *Alabama*	G.	Levy, *Tulane*
Holland, *Virginia*	T.	Luckie, *Georgia*
Thomas, *Wash. & Lee*	E.	Coach. *Mississippi A.& M.*
Hubert, *Alabama*	Q. B.	Lautenschlager, *Tulane*
Brown, *Alabama*	H. B.	Jones, *Florida*
Reese, *Vanderbilt*	H. B.	Barnes, *Alabama*
Wyckoff, *Ga. Tech*	F. B.	Flournoy, *Tulane*

P. & A. Photo
Dan McGugin

ALL-PACIFIC COAST TEAMS

Selected by Coaches Warner of Stanford, Smith of California, Bagshaw of Washington, and Madigan of St. Mary's

First Team	Position	Second Team
Shipke, *Stanford*	E.	O'Rourke, *St. Mary's*
Ericksen, *Washington*	T.	Friend, *U. S. C.*
S. Post, *Stanford*	G.	B. Taylor, *U. S. C.*
Bonamy, *Washington*	C.	Miller, *California*
Carey, *California*	G.	Hunt, *Stanford*
Sargent, *California*	T.	Freeman, *Stanford*
Cutting, *Washington*	E.	Huber, *California*
Guttormsen, *Washington*	Q. B.	Carlson, *California*
Dixon, *California*	H. B.	E. Tesreau, *Washington*
Wilson, *Washington*	H. B.	Hill, *Stanford*
Nevers, *Stanford*	F. B.	Drury, *U. S. C.*

P. & A. Photo
Andy Smith

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

from quarter, speedy, directing the team coolly and efficiently, he was considered certain of second position, at least, and Friedman's closest rival. His slump in the Princeton game took much honor from him and McPhail of Dartmouth was pressing him hard, as was Caulkins, Princeton leader. Caulkins showed such cleverness in running the Tigers that he was urged by some coaches for premier honors. Hubert of Alabama and Lautenschlager of Tulane had strong advocates.

The study of linemen always means argument. I contend that no expert in the stands or on the side lines can tell which lineman, aside from ends, is doing the real work. Only the coaches know and can form a proper estimate of the value of the linemen.

The centers are fairly easy. Brown of Michigan and McMillan of Princeton stand out above all others, in the estimation of the coaches, and so closely do they rank that it is practically a tie, with Brown getting a shade the better because of his tremendous speed. Yost says he is the fastest forward he has seen.

Brown's work was not marred by the Northwestern game where, in ankle-deep mud, he performed wonders in passing. In every game he was a tower in defense, fast, roving, and adept in stopping forward-pass attacks.

McMillan made just one imperfect pass during the season. This big boy, for a couple of years, didn't like training, but loved to play. This season, as captain, he worked like a horse, and became one of the great field leaders of the East, an inspired, raging football player; fast, with intuitive knowledge of where forward passes were going, great in defense, and unequaled, in the East at least, in opening holes in the line.

McMILLAN'S work against Yale and Harvard was glittering, but perhaps his best performance was against Colgate, in a losing game, with his green line, as yet unsteady, crumbling around him. The fact that he is quite as good at guard as at center and was shifted many times, to use his great strength, rather hurts his All-American claims, although it helped Princeton. He gains second rank beyond doubt, and the third place goes to the Far West, where the coaches incline to think that Bonamy of Washington ranks with the best of the rest of the country.

The guards, at least the first two, are outstanding. They are Hess of Ohio State, practically the unanimous choice of the Midwestern coaches, and Carey of California, whose work this year has marked him as one of the great guards of all time. Mahan of West Virginia and Pike of Penn are rated next to them, with Edwards of Michigan and Buckler of Alabama to give them arguments.

We are going to have arguments about the tackles, no matter who is chosen, because there was a rich and rare array of tackle talent this fall. If you have objections, file them with the coaches, who, beyond doubt, pick Ed. Weir of Nebraska and Joss of Yale for the honors. Some of them wanted two Nebraska tackles on the first team, claiming Stiner is the equal or superior of Weir.

Joss, until the Princeton game, seemed certain to be the outstanding tackle of the East, and although he suffered some loss of prestige in that game it was not his fault. In fact, some of the coaches think the rout by the Tigers showed Joss at his best. Princeton aimed the attack at him, pointed to him, and rode him down with a two- or three-man assault, and he was buried, but not lost.

Several coaches who picked Joss weakened after his team made a bad showing in the Harvard game and Roper dropped him from his first All-Eastern team.

Pike of Penn had many advocates, and Rives of Vanderbilt was boosted hard by the Southern coaches. Chase of Pitt ranks high anywhere on the line. Lyons of Amherst was one of the outstanding tackles in the East.

Ends? The further the picker of All-American teams goes the harder the picking. The coaches divide sharply on the question of the two premier ends of the country, and every section and almost every team of importance has a candidate for All-American end. The coaches, however, said that Tully of Dartmouth and Romey of Iowa, on their form and their season's performances, are entitled to the first positions.

Shipke of Stanford, declared by the Coast

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A NEW KIND OF INVENTORY EVERY MAN SHOULD TAKE

The New Year . . .

A TIME for taking stock, computing business profits or losses, and determining new policies, based on the results of the year before.

An excellent custom in business—indispensable. Yet how much more important that this inventory should begin with *yourself*—with your *health*. Measure your *physical* gains or losses. Determine what is to be done to turn losses into gain!

A good time for doing it—the New Year—*now!*

* * * * *

ASK YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS

HOW DO I USUALLY FEEL? Bright and new—or shop-worn? Am I riding on top of my job—or is it riding me?

The New Year—a good time to check up. A good time to decide on a definite plan of rehabilitation, so that next year will show new assets, instead of new liabilities, in your health account!

During the last year, hundreds of thousands of people in this country began their program of rehabilitation by making the thirty-day test of Postum. And in four out of five cases this test resulted in the permanent barring of caffein!

These people were not entirely satisfied with their physical condition. They knew or learned something about the character of caffein—how it *seems* to give new energy, but how this energy is actually drained from the body's reserve. They felt the menace of a dwindling reserve.

So when a way was shown to measure the effects of caffein, through an easy and convincing test, they were glad to take it.

In place of caffein beverages, they used Postum during the test. They learned how *good* it is—how fully it satisfies the natural desire for a hot drink at mealtime. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor!

At the end of thirty days they were able to judge fairly what the change had meant for them—and the vast majority decided that Postum was *their* drink, from that time on!

Doesn't it seem foolish to stay in a rut? Why not start the New Year with a thirty-day test?

Accept the free offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will send you one week's supply, free, and my personal directions for preparing it.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, send me your name and address. Please indicate whether you want Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON!

P.---LIB. 12-25

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario

[LIBERTY'S ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1925 Continued from Page Nineteen]

coaches to be one of the greatest; Lampe, Chicago's veteran; Thayer of Penn, Oliker of West Virginia, one of the truly greats; Born of Army, a whirlwind and a smashing, heady man; Hanson of Syracuse, Cutting of Washington, all have champions and perhaps the friends of Lea, Princeton's brilliant end, son of the older hero, "Biffy," will feel aggrieved. Most of them, however, have another year to win the honor.

How are you going to put ten gallons in a pint flask? Anyhow, these are not my opinions, but the opinions of the coaches.

I feel sometimes that the teams of the Pittsburgh district do not get an even break in the selection of All-American and all-sectional teams, for the simple reason that they form a sort of segregated district by themselves and their players are not seen by outside coaches often enough to form a fair judgment. Perhaps it would be better to choose a sectional team from among them.

Ira Rogers, the West Virginia coach, selects a district team that would give even the All-American a wrestle. His choices are: Oliker, West Virginia, and Edwards, Washington and Jeff, ends; Davis, West Virginia, and Chase, Pitt, tackles; Mahan, West Virginia, and Filak, Penn State, guards; Gray, Penn State, center; Morrison, West Virginia, quarter; Welch, Pitt, and Amos, W. and J., halfbacks, and Barnom, West Virginia, fullback. He leaves off Gustafson of Pitt, but his team is strong, as Oliker, Mahan, Chase, and Amos undoubtedly are close to All-American material.

THE END

Some Outstanding Players of 1925

"BORELLI of Muhlenberg, Farrington of Bowdoin, and McIver of North Carolina among others, might have been hailed as All-American had they been with more prominent teams. . . ."
—AN EASTERN COACH.

Chase and Gustafson.....Pittsburgh
Dilweg.....Marquette, Milwaukee
Kruez, Robinson, and Thayer.....Penn
Pease and Kirchmeyer.....Columbia
Born and Schmidt.....Army
Maroney, Plansky, and Haggerty.....Georgetown
M. Brown and Hubert.....Alabama
Wallis and O'Connell.....Holy Cross
Bliss.....Rutgers
Wyckoff and Forrester.....Georgia Tech
Thompson, Moore, and Estes.....Georgia
McMillan, Slagle, Caulkins, and Dignan.....Princeton
Joss, Kline, Bunnell, and Cutler.....Yale
Friedman, Brown, and Oosterbaan.....Michigan
Hess and Karow.....Ohio
Joesting, Wheeler, and Almquist.....Minnesota
Romey, Frey, and Kutsch.....Iowa
Baker and Lewis.....Northwestern
Kirkleskie and Partluski.....Lafayette
Potts.....Oklahoma
Lindenmeyer, Bacchus, and Stuber.....Missouri
Enright and Walsh.....Notre Dame
E. Weir and Stiner.....Nebraska
Sweet.....Grinnell
Shapley.....Navy
Meeks.....West Virginia Wesleyan
Graham and Manning.....Fordham
Crosby and Cheek.....Harvard
Keefer and Broda.....Brown
Wilson, Ericksen, and E. Tesreau.....Washington
Friedman, Carr, and Hansen.....Syracuse
Carey, Sargent, and Wilson.....California
Oberlander, Tully, and McPhail.....Dartmouth
Lampe, Kernwein, and McCarthy.....Chicago
Mahan, Oliker, and Glenn.....West Virginia
Michalski.....Penn State
Tryon and Mankat.....Colgate
Howe and Haakeson.....Williams
Callahan.....New Hampshire
Barrows.....Maine
Wester and Rupano.....Cornell
Borelli.....Muhlenberg
Amos, Carlin, and Heisel.....Washington and Jefferson
Grange, Britton, and Kassell.....Illinois
Strader and O'Rourke.....St. Mary's (Oakland)
McIver and Robinson.....North Carolina
Thomas and Palmer.....Washington and Lee
White.....Virginia Military Institute
Diffey and Holland.....Virginia
Underwood.....Rice Institute
Saxon.....University of Texas
Coates.....Baylor University
Dansby and Wilson.....Texas A. and M.
Donohue and Yoder.....Carnegie
Reese and Rives.....Vanderbilt
Leary.....Fordham
Kent and Mahoney.....Sewanee
Lowe.....Tennessee
Jones and Goldstein.....Florida
Nevers and Shipke.....Stanford
Drury.....Southern California
Harmon, Burrus, and Polaski.....Wisconsin
Cochrane.....Kansas Aggies
Stetson.....Lombard
Spears.....Drake
Behm.....Ames
Baker.....Kansas
Mohardt, Cadigan, and Moore.....Amherst
Bardo.....Springfield
Farrington.....Bowdoin
Livingston, Taufer, and Dykman.....Utah
McGlone.....Colorado
Bucklin and Diehl.....Idaho
Talbot and Lautenschlager.....Tulane
Potts, Brown, and Wallace.....Oklahoma
Carlson and Dorr.....Boston University
O'Connell.....Boston College
McCleary and Shortts.....Bucknell
Stehman.....Franklin and Marshall
Merrill and Prior.....Lehigh

Listen *to* These Girls

How Two Ambitious Americans Sang Their Way from Sunday School to Grand Opera

By BRENDA UELAND

P. & A. Photo

Marion Talley, daughter of a Kansas City telegrapher, whose ability to sing began attracting attention when she was three years old.

HERE are the stories of two of the most romantic girlhoods in America. The story of Mary Lewis and the story of Marion Talley. One is twenty-five and one is eighteen. Both girls were poor, without money, without rich relatives, without pull. Both were brought up in the Middle West. One of them ran away from her foster parents. The other was the daughter of a telegraph operator on the Missouri Pacific Railroad.

These two have just been engaged for leading roles in the Metropolitan Opera Company. If that isn't a dazzling climax to their humble beginnings, then nothing is dazzling.

I talked to these extraordinary girls in a grubby office in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, a small room overfull of desks and signed photographs, overheated. It was a bleak and cold November afternoon.

Mary Lewis came in. She is a big, handsome girl, about five feet seven inches tall, with broad shoulders. She isn't stout, like Matzenauer and some other divas. She is what is termed robust. She has a round face, a blunt nose, very large lambent gray eyes. Her mouth is well formed and when she talks she smiles broadly, showing even white teeth. Her clothes were not smart or elegant. She seems what is described as wholesome rather than sophisticated. She wore a long dark coat with some fur on it, her hat was unstylish, because her hair is long and thick and chestnut-colored, so it necessitates a larger crowned hat than is modish just now.

She talked with a frank Middle Western-Southern accent, very unaffectedly and smilingly. "Hello! What's doing?" etc.

She lives in a small apartment in Forty-seventh Street, in about the same way that any art-studying girl from the Middle West would. That is, she has no maid; gets her own breakfast, and plenty of times lunches at a restaurant.

The story of her life is dramatic. Mary Lewis was born in Chicago twenty-five years ago. She is Irish and she has some German blood. Her father died before she was born. This made it necessary for her young mother to go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to live with her parents. Of those first eight years she does not remember many. The others she does not speak about. Her life really began at eight, when she was informally adopted by the Rev. W. S. Fitch, a Methodist minister of Hot Springs.

"Mr. Fitch," she said, "was very musical, and he took to me, I think, because when I was a little girl I sang so much. He and his wife had adopted another girl before me, but she had grown up and gone to China as a missionary. I remember when I was a little girl I wanted to become a missionary, too. But now it looks doubtful. Doesn't it?

"Mr. Fitch taught me a lot about music.

© P. & A.

Mary Lewis, Chicago-born and twice a runaway, whose voice captivated American and European impresarios. This picture was taken in the Temple Gardens, London.

My first appearance before an audience was at Sunday School, where I stood up and sang Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam."

But Mrs. Fitch, the minister's wife, and little Mary Lewis did not get along.

"She was all right, but she was so strict," said the singer. "I guess she didn't like the Irish in me. I know she spanked me a lot.

"Anyway I ran away when I was fifteen to some friends in Little Rock, who asked me what I wanted to do.

"I said, 'I want to play the piano in a movie theater, or else clerk in a store and live in the Young Women's Christian Association.'

"But they felt neither of these plans was very practical.

"They invited me to stay with them. And so I did—for three years. They gave me piano and violin lessons and sent me to high school. I began singing as a soloist in choirs and earned about twenty-five or thirty dollars a month, which contributed a lot to my support.

"Then I began to hanker to go on the stage. I went to every show that came to town. Most of them were pretty poor. But that just cheered me up. Because I felt I could do better, better than the principals even. But the people I was living with, I knew, wouldn't want me to go on the stage. And then for the second time I ran away.

"A TOURING musical comedy company came to town. It was really just a skit called The Reckless Eve. I heard they needed a chorus girl. Well, they were all so mediocre (convincing me that I couldn't really be much worse), I had the nerve to apply for the job. I didn't say anything to the people I lived with. I knew they would argue; I just went back-stage, told them I could sing, and when I had sung a song or two they hired me. The salary was twenty-five dollars a week, which was a lot, I thought. They also told me that we had to leave town at eight o'clock that night. I went home, packed my bag, and sneaked off."

Then her adventures began.

"We were stranded two weeks later in Oklahoma. My money got low. But I found I could earn my board by giving music lessons. Then we were on the road again. We got to California, only to be stranded again. This time The Reckless Eve went all to smash."

She was eighteen years old and in a precarious business. It is all right when a girl has parents to whom to telegraph for aid. But Mary Lewis had no parents. She couldn't appeal to the people from whom she had run away. Every time she lost a job it was up to her to find a new one, and a better one. This very desperation made her enterprising.

"Then I landed a job singing in a cafe at fifty dollars a week. I thought I had arrived. But this only lasted two weeks."

Out of work again. Scared and forlorn.

"That time was the worst," she said. "I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

sang in oil towns in California, in terrible places where the audiences threw money at you. Then, in another musical show and while touring in this, I met Al Christie of the Christie Comedies. That is how I came to be in the movies a while. I liked them. But I knew I should be where I could sing. Then Raymond Hitchcock was in Hollywood and I met him. I told him how I wanted to go to New York, but how I didn't dare unless I had a job.

"'Just take a chance,' he said. 'Come next fall and look me up. I'll find you something.'"

She took this advice and landed in New York with less than a week's board money in her pocketbook. She soon heard the Greenwich Village Follies were having try-outs. So she went to the theater, sang a couple of songs for Murray Anderson. He hired her as a chorus girl for fifty dollars a week, and she signed a contract.

Here is where Mary Lewis' spirit comes in. She had rehearsed in Murray Anderson's chorus not more than a day when she went up to him and said:

"I want a good song. I want to be a principal."

"I can't give you a good song," he replied. "You can be an understudy if you want to." But she wouldn't accept that. A day or so later she came back to him and said:

"I've got a contract with Dillingham, and as a principal, too—at seventy-five dollars a week. If you don't give me a better part, I'll quit."

In telling this Mary explained at that time she didn't know exactly what contracts were.

"I probably would have signed a dozen of them," she said. "Well, after Murray Anderson had shouted and yelled 'What can you do with a girl that goes around signing contracts with everybody?' he calmed down. I sang for him again. He gave me a principal part and one hundred dollars a week."

The other day I asked Murray Anderson if he remembered Mary Lewis.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "Of course I remember her. She was in the chorus, and she sang so loud we made her a principal. She had the loudest voice I ever heard. She is lovely, a lovely girl, lovely. Beautiful, too. I used to have a terrible time with her because she would flat so. How I have scolded that girl and made her cry to get her to stop flatting!"

AFTER the Greenwich Village Follies, she became a prima donna for Ziegfeld two years in the Follies, receiving enough money that she could afford to take lessons from good teachers. Her principal teacher was William Thorner, who taught Galli-Curci and Rosa Ponselle.

It was while she was singing in the Follies that Otto Kahn, president of the Metropolitan Opera Company, became interested in her. He arranged a hearing for her before Gatti-Casazza, the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She was then a beautiful twenty-three-year-old Follies girl. But she was more than that. Her voice was so soaring and lovely that Gatti-Casazza offered her a contract. But she was to go to Europe first to study.

"You see," says Mary Lewis, "a singer must know her roles in opera. And to know them well she must have sung many operas many times in public. Now, in America this is impossible because there are so few opera companies. But in Europe there are many little opera companies. They correspond to theatrical stock companies in this country. So, just as actresses get their best experience in stock companies, I went to Europe to sing in opera."

Abroad, her first appearance was as *Marguerite* in Faust in Vienna. Some of the critics wrote "greater than Jeritza," which, when you remind her of it, makes her mad. "Absurd for them to say that of such a neophyte!" A year later, in London in Tales of Hoffman. Then in The Merry Widow in Paris, making a tremendous hit. A French critic wrote: "Even her faults are charming." Her weekly salary in francs would be about seven hundred American dollars.

Then Miss Lewis returned to New York and signed a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company—the one and only Follies girl who has graduated to grand opera.

The day she landed, it is true that she was offered one thousand dollars a week to appear in a Broadway musical show. But she refused.

"Why don't you go into musical comedy, since you can get such a tremendous salary right away?" I asked. "Why all this love of high art?"

The answer is this: Musical comedy stars must sing so much more frequently than opera stars—from seven to ten times a week—their voices wear out in a few years. An opera star sings only two or three times a week. She lasts much longer as a singer.

MARION TALLEY'S story is different. She is a quite plump little home girl. She was born in a modest home in Kansas City; her father a railroad telegrapher; her mother a kind-faced, homey woman of German descent—all of which accounts for the musical aspirations in that little frame home. Marion's ability to sing was marked when she was only three years old. She, too, performed first in Sunday School. It happened that the music critic of the Kansas City *Star*, Mrs. George E. Powell, heard her, and was so astounded by her voice that she arranged a benefit concert for Marion. Ten thousand dollars was raised to launch her upon a genuine career.

After the benefit, Mrs. Irwin R. Kirkwood, owner of the Kansas City *Star*, returned from abroad. Hearing of little Marion Talley's phenomenal voice, Mrs. Kirkwood invited Marion to sing for her.

"Come here, Marion," said Mrs. Kirkwood, when the songs were over. She unclasped a long string of pearls from her neck.

"These are yours, Marion," she said.

"And that," said Mrs. Talley, Marion's mother, to me after her daughter had related this incident, "was just how she said it. Oh, she's a wonderful woman, Mrs. Kirkwood. She's so rich, you know, they say she doesn't know how much she has. She just gave the pearls to Marion."

With the capital from this gift and from the benefit concert, Marion went to New York accompanied by her parents and two lawyers. These guardians sought out Gatti-Casazza and asked him for a hearing. It was granted. This child of fifteen stood on the stage of the dark Metropolitan Opera House. In the audience were Gatti-Casazza, Otto H. Kahn, the four Metropolitan conductors—Bodanzky, Moranzini, Hasselmans, and Bambosschek.

Now, what was truly remarkable, they say, was the composure of this little girl. She walked out on the stage and sang. And her beautiful, translucent, clear, true soprano filled the vast black cavern of the Metropolitan.

She sang Knowest Thou That Fair Land? from Mignon.

"I had expected to hear a good voice," said Gatti-Casazza, "but nothing extraordinary."

It was extraordinary. Marion Talley was given a contract with the understanding that she was to study for three years in this country and also in Europe before making her debut in opera this season.

Marion Talley could not say what is her favorite role. She is a laconic girl. She doesn't commit herself. She and her mother sat quietly side by side, both clad in modest dark winter coats. Marion has not bobbed hair, but long, thick tresses which she "does up" and which necessitate a hat that is also not citified or flapperish. She is mature at eighteen. She answered my questions in monosyllables, as though each question was foolish and prying, which probably it was.

"So your career then," I said, "has really broken up your home."

"It has," answered Marion's mother; "but we feel it is worth it. And it isn't for long, perhaps. After the debut my husband and other daughter will probably come to New York."

At present she and Marion live in a small apartment in West Sixty-eighth Street. The mother keeps house. Marion bakes devil's food cake, dusts the piano, studies French and Italian, entertains the goldfish with the doll's part in Tales of Hoffman. Her parents' chief concern is to see that she is in good health.

"What do you eat, Miss Talley?"

"Oh, everything. Just so I get enough."

"You sleep a great deal, I suppose. About nine hours?"

"Or ten."

"And I suppose you don't smoke cigarettes?"

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Talley cried out, and laughed nervously. "Don't insult her!"

"Do you go to the theater?"

"Well, no. Once in a while to the opera."

Then I happened to say that I had talked to Geraldine Farrar not long ago. They hung on my words. They exclaimed in chorus, "Is she?" "Oh, did she?" to everything I said.

"They say she is going into musical comedy," said Marion.

"DOESN'T it seem a pity? Tch! Tch!" said Mrs. Talley eagerly, clicking her tongue. "After all those years in opera to turn to light things. I wonder how she can do it? Do you think she needs the money?" And so on.

"Do you look forward to your debut?" I asked Marion Talley.

"Yes," she said doubtfully.

"Don't you feel that it is extraordinary and thrilling that you will stand up before that grand audience, a dazzling opera diva?"

At that she gave such a funny look—such a quick, strange, funny look! In it there was horse sense and honesty; there was also something pathetic and young and scared.

"How do you know I will?" she said quickly, and then murmured, "I may not be any good."

While we were talking the great Gatti-Casazza came in, a tall, portly man with a two-pointed beard. He stood and looked down at Marion and her mother unsmilingly. Then he spoke to her in hurried Italian. His mien was fatherly. Then, incongruously, this little girl answered in rapid, deft, charming Italian.

Then it was time for her to take her daily lesson, singing an entire opera before one of the Metropolitan teachers. She gave me her plump little hand and said good-by. For the first time she was utterly friendly and unguarded.

So the home girl and the Follies girl are in grand opera now. The reasons they are there—one had a phenomenal voice; the other had a beautiful voice and a restless, daring spirit. For all their good fortune, a terrible ordeal awaits them. Their debuts! For they must endure the agony of stage fright, which makes the voice crack and flat and sharp. Otherwise everything is lovely.

THE END

Who Is Santa Claus?

A Confidential Story About the Jovial Old Chaps Who Gladden the Children's Hearts Each Year

By
ELISABETH
REDFIELD

TEN days before Christmas there appear in the world hundreds of Santa Clauses. There are so many of them on street corners and in department stores you would think the credulity of children would be strained. It must be that faith in Santa Claus is the most tenacious there is.

Who is Santa Claus? I went around New York cross-examining some of these gray-beards in red tunics and cotton batten fur.

First to a Fifth Avenue store. The children who visit this store are smartly dressed—the kind of children whom a poor little girl I knew called "had-ponies" children. To this store they come, accompanied by mothers who have charge accounts, by governesses or liveried servants. Santa Claus here was a stout man in a fine red velvet suit with gold bells on it.

A small girl with straight dark hair hanging richly to her shoulders held his hand and swung back and forth on it contentedly. This Santa Claus said with a strong German accent that he had worked in the store for seventeen years. His regular job is a clothes examiner. Each year, for ten days before Christmas, he comes down to the toy department and plays the part of Santa Claus.

I asked him if he was fond of children.

"I guess I have to be," he replied, breaking into a broad smile. "I got six. Big ones, now."

"Do the children who come here believe in Santa Claus?"

"Oh, sure," said Santa Claus. "But now you take a boy ten years old and it's hard to fool him."

At another store the children who come to see Santa Claus are from families not so well-to-do as to shop on Fifth Avenue—mothers coming with their children quite a distance, because things are a few cents cheaper in this vast emporium. These mothers have no charge accounts. They are the kind who must take the baby along when they go shopping; who must take crosstown cars and to whom the loss of a transfer is a near tragedy.

Kadel & Herbert Photo

HERE there were such crowds of children that two Santa Clauses were necessary, working in shifts.

I talked first to the Santa Claus of the morning shift, a middle-aged man with sad, sentimental brown eyes. He worked usually (when not out of a job) in a piano factory. For several years now he had been Santa Claus around Christmas time because it was work that he particularly enjoyed, he said. The pay was good—twenty-five dollars a week. Did he like children?

"I'm crazy about children," he said.

The Santa Claus of the afternoon shift was an actor and impersonator. He had a most powerful, subterranean voice. While I talked to him a long line of orphans came marching down the aisle among the counters of toys. The uniformed attendants marshaled these orphans into single file to pass before Santa Claus.

"Am I fond of children?" this Santa Claus asked, as the orphans passed before him. "Well, not particularly." With that he turned to the orphans. "*Hello, my young friends!*" he boomed in his truly remarkable voice. "*And how are you this merry Christmas! Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha!* . . . I am a professional actor," he resumed to me, and, rummaging with a hand under his red Santa Claus tunic, he brought out a handful of picture postcards of himself. "Here—hobo, cowboy, Hindu, rube, Indian chief, clown. No," he added, "I cannot say I am fond of children. . . . *Hello, my young friends. Come and shake hands with Old Santa. Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! Come, my little friends!*"

The Santa Claus who regaled the children in another big store was a tall, strong man with a jovial, husky voice. Above his beard he had the handsome, aquiline nose of an old actor—a red face with moist green eyes. He was like Chauncey Olcott in looks, and in manner like a basso in the soldiers' chorus of Faust. For the moment there were no children around.

"Sure, I'll tell you what I am," he said, in reply to a question. "I'm another of those old bums the moving pictures did for. But I don't make out so bad. I get jobs posin' for advertisements and a few days' work now and then for the fillums. I was in Baltimore and had a fine job—five dollars a day, and steady at it. But I couldn't keep it on account of the girl, because I got to look out for her. The girl gets scared if she thinks I'm out of town."

"Who's the girl?"

"My wife, I mean. I always call her the girl. But she's younger than I am. That is, I'm sixty-three and she's a year younger. She's an invalid, poor girl, in a wheel chair. So I have to keep up bright and full of fun to keep her cheerful. Say! You ought to see me. I dress her in the morning and give her breakfast and do the housework like a regular nurse. We have a great time. But as I was saying, I can't get steady work in New York. I had a fine job in Baltimore, but I couldn't keep it because I had to write the girl twice a day and get a friend of mine to mail the letters in New York, so she'd think I was in town. Because she starts to fret. . . . But I'm in great health. Not what I was when a young fella, but fine." He laughed merrily.

"THEN," he continued, "I got this job. Fifty dollars for two weeks, and I tell you God sent it to me. When I went home that night I told the girl about it; 'Old girl,' I said, 'this means earrings for you!' Then I bought a lot of little ducks and toys for the kids around where I live up on Washington Heights. I got to keep in with the kids, see?" (A wink.) "So they'll run little errands for the girl when I'm out.

"But there's more fun here in the store! There was a poor blind girl came in here and I heard her say to her mother, 'I wonder if Santa Claus will be here?' 'God heard your prayers, dear,' I said to her, right in her ear. 'Here he is!' And how she threw her arms around me and nearly hugged the life out of me. She felt my belt and my whiskers and the boots. And I said, 'Feel in my pockets, dear,' and she did, and there was some little toys in there which I always keep for the kids."

"Any children?" he repeated. "Yes, we had a boy. We lost him. He died abroad in the war. Yes. Terrible for the old girl. Took all the courage out of her. . . . But we're getting along fine. I tell the girl not to worry, because I can always get jobs. And this job—fifty dollars for ten days' work—and, you know, it isn't hard. It's stuff I can do, you know, talking to the kids. I tell you one thing. We aren't going to spend it all for rent, neither. We're going to celebrate, the girl and I."

"Well, good-by, Santa Claus," I said.

"Well, good-by, my dear. Merry Christmas and God bless you."

THE END

The Florida Ballyhoo

A Survey of the Joyous Land Where the Beautiful Bird-Dogs, the Jack-Hounds, and the Binder-Bennies Flourish, and Nothing Is Too Good for the Customer!

SECOND OF TWO ARTICLES BY

WALTER DAVENPORT

Pictures by W. E. HEITLAND

YOU enter Florida at Jacksonville: the neck of the bottle.

Here, in Jacksonville, conveniently referred to by Floridians, their newspapers, and railroad men, as Jax, you meet the first of the Mad (sometimes called Mud) Mullahs with which Florida is now largely populated. However, until you get to Miami, you have seen practically nothing. Jacksonville is prodigiously booming, but with greater circumspection and less speculation.

Through Jacksonville run the railroads which feed Florida. Such has been the influx of fortune hunters that the railroads have staggered under the weight of their human freight alone. Commodity freight is piled up to the height of respectable buildings in the freight yards. Only perishables get immediate attention. Merchandise consigned south of Jacksonville is weeks late in reaching its destination. Even the post offices are smothered under mail that can't be delivered because one never knows where one will be living tomorrow.

It is in Jacksonville that the realtors of Florida engage the potential investor. Your taxicab chauffeur talks real estate. If you give him anything remotely resembling encouragement he will offer to introduce you to his Mr. Warble, who, take a chauffeur's word for it, is not only a square shooter but can run anybody's five thousand into fifty thousand dollars without a shudder. If you don't believe it, talk to Mr. Joe Hazel.

Listen. This Joe Hazel came to Florida last January to work for Cohen & Nastig, the shoe dealers, at thirty bucks a week and he wasn't in the State a month before—— Never mind. Mr. Hazel is rich now. Before you leave Florida you'll have several volumes of Joe stories at your tongue-tip. And the majority of them may be essentially true. There are lads in Florida today who could spot Aladdin two lamps and make him look like a parlor entertainer.

Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, is filled with the pleasantest of Florida's greeters—a suave, affable, and not too obtrusive lot. Their offices are restful, half-lighted bowers of palms, and the walls are hung with stuffed tarpon, similarly impotent alligators, and photographs and artists' conceptions of subdivisions. There are fat rugs, fountains of cool, bubbling water, gentle breezes from deftly hidden fans. In the larger places you may be serenaded by saxophone octets whimpering of June and moon, lagoon and soon, and breaking their hearts with canoe, bamboo, rendezvous, and billet-doux.

"Considering the Miami subdivisions from a purely business viewpoint," says a brilliantly burnished greeter, "you can't go wrong. The proof is as simple as it is plain. Nobody ever has."

But you are not sure you want to buy. You are, to tell the truth, merely window shopping. What a pretty office! How nice. Of course, if a suitable proposition presents itself——

As you talk your sales-scenter appraises you. They're smart fellows. I was told that thirty per cent of the handsome advertising salesmen visiting Florida to sell space in the journals employing them telegraph their resignations and stay in Florida to sell real estate. I am not prepared to demonstrate the truth of that, but I readily believe that in Florida today may be found many of America's best salesmen. Scenically, they are superb.

He has, with eyes and ears, estimated your possibilities as a buyer. You have, let us assume, the money manner. He has detected in you the desire to buy. Adroitly he has assured himself that you have enough cash to warrant being entertained.

"WE would be very glad to motor you down to Miami," says he. "It is something less than four hundred miles, but the highway is excellent. Our large busses make it in a day and a half or so. We will gladly telegraph for a room for you at Fort Pierce, where you will spend the night. You will be our guest at luncheon en route."

You accept, of course. It is one of the great rides of history. You are handed into a motor-bus which rivals a Pullman car for size and a private ambulance for ease. You are shown your seat—a capacious, tilted chair of leather and cane. Your chair has been designated for you. So has your immediate neighbor.

It may be a stoutish gentleman who enjoys reading Mr. Herbert Hoover's speeches and

THE really auspicious beginning is to be flushed by a bird-dog. Her job is to be a pretty but uncompromised playmate and, when she has you going her way, she will leave you in the care of a salesman.

has no trouble making an hour's conversation out of a five minute rainstorm. A companiony man who analyzes the soil from the window of the smoking compartment of a sleeper. Or it may be a substantially aged lady.

The bus makes forty-five miles an hour—the Florida speed limit—and occasionally fifty.

Before you've done fifty miles you are pleasantly involved in conversation. Orange juice and pineapple juice (at least) are served. The air is cool and every prospect pleases. You've seldom traveled in such congenial company.

If, as you lie in your Fort Pierce bed that night inviting slumber, you review the day you will discover that you and your neighbor have become rather good friends. You have, you find, unbosomed yourself. Oh, yes, you have. You may not have said a great deal, but you have said enough for a smart person to extract a great deal from it. And you need have no doubt concerning the cleverness of your neighbor. Before you have fallen asleep that neighbor has telegraphed to Miami a startlingly correct estimate of you and your potentialities.

Your reception in Miami depends upon the report made from Fort Pierce. If, for example, the customer-hunter in Jacksonville has missed his guess and you are a mere gasoline-grafter or joy-rider you are left alone as completely as if you represented a vigorous case of leprosy. Miami has no time to waste.

We shall assume, however, that you are worthy of attention. Or, at least, you look eligible. You are a man of presence. You are quartered at a good hotel and there is that about you which proclaims the power, if not the will, to buy. You become a legitimate prospect for a thousand and one realtors.

YOU receive cordial invitations to golf clubs. You are informed that roulette, *chemin de fer* and similar evening destroyers are not illegal pastimes except for Floridians. The law rigidly forbids the Floridian to maintain or indulge in gambling; but the outsider may go as far as he or she likes—provided he or she recognizes the lady's or gentleman's horizon.

All this angling for you is compelled by competition. It is taken for granted that you are interested in Florida real estate. Sooner or later you are going to take a plunge.

The really auspicious beginning is to be flushed by a bird-dog. She is in the hotel lobby, on the country club veranda, on the sixth green, at tea, at the dance, in a huge roadster ready to give you a lift.

She meets you with cool, masculine assurance, and you would have to be a depraved soul to resent her. She's as businesslike as an adding machine and about as conventional. Offhand, I'd say she is the best-dressed woman in the world, and that leaves nothing trailing.

But she knows your place better than you do and she'll see that you cleave to it. She is in Miami to dig gold and will frankly tell you so. Her job is to be a pretty but uncompromised playmate and, when she has finally got you going her way, she will leave you in the care of a salesman.

THE bird-dog counterpart is the jack-hound, the male of the species. He is a perfect gentleman of the movie drawing-room scene type. In appearance he is rivaled only by the bird-dog who, booster that she is on every other subject, grows catty when the jack-hound is mentioned.

As the binder-boys have all but disappeared, the bird-dog and the jack-hound are a vanishing race in Miami. The former (binder pronounced to rhyme with tinder) disappeared when real estate men were no longer satisfied with a mere three and five per cent of the asking price as a binder (the "i" long).

The binder-boys, or binder-Bennies, did an uproarious business early in the Miami excitement. They would negotiate for an option on a lot and put up a small sum to bind the agreement against the next day when they would be obliged, in order to obtain the option, to post an additional sum. A binder was a token of good faith.

At once the holder of a binder—a binder-boy—would hawk his slip of paper up and down the sidewalks and through hotel lobbies. There are stories of such good-will memoranda being sold eight or ten times in twenty-four hours. And each selling bore a profit. For example, if a Benny bought a binder on a twenty-five-thousand-dollar property for seven hundred and fifty dollars he might sell it, within the hour, to a second Benny for a thousand dollars. Now Benny Number One has no intention of appearing at the real estate office the next day and posting additional money to secure a ten- or twelve-day option on the property. He has never desired the property and even may lack the necessary cash to get the option.

Benny Number Two is similarly opposed to being saddled with a high-priced option. All he wants is a relatively small but quick profit. So he sells to Benny Number Three who, bethinking himself that the life of the binder was originally but twenty-four hours and that three of these precious hours have already elapsed, works feverishly to find Benny Number Four.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FLORIDA BALLYHOO
Continued from Page Twenty-five]

Each Benny adds speed to his feet as he adds value to the binder. Finally the binder reaches the pocket of the ultimate consumer who has paid, we shall say, two thousand dollars for it. But he is willing to assume the option.

Frozen out in Miami, the binder-boys have ventured into other Florida cities and, gingerly though, into the rural places. Where acreage transactions involve from three hundred thousand to a million dollars the first binder demanded is from twenty-five thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars. And that is no business for a binder-Benny.

Besides the territory covered by the acreage deals is too large and untamed for the minds of these lads who are uncomfortable unless their feet are flatly implanted upon asphaltum. The binder-boys are incurable urbanites. That is the reason they miss connections on such delectable financial morsels as fell into the fingers of the Tallahassee youth who filled the station of shipping clerk for a furniture retailer in that city. One evening a great light fell upon him. He sought out a land-poor farmer who owned ten thousand acres of pine land.

"If I had ten thousand dollars would you sell me your land?" inquired the young man.

"Quick, before you realized what a damned fool you would be," replied the owner.

"Give me a few days."

"As many as you like."

The furniture clerk telephoned a realtor in Jacksonville. He laid all his cards on the table, face up. The assessed valuation of the land, including the value of the timber leases, was six dollars an acre. The clerk, summoning all his courage, asked twenty-five.

"Hold the telephone a minute," said the realtor in Jacksonville. "Hello, Tallahassee. I have a client here in the office. He says twenty-three an acre."

That being thirteen dollars an acre more than the clerk had hoped for, he agreed. Twenty-four hours later the clerk received a check for two hundred and eighteen thousand dollars, the purchase price minus the realtor's commission. He paid the farmer ten thousand. He still holds down that shipping clerk job.

In Florida today you don't hear the stories of those who have lost money.

But apprehension and misgiving exist. Miami is no longer cordial to the small- and medium-moneyed investor. The conservatives on the West Coast are beginning to deplore the growing invasion from the North and West. There are thousands of Floridians who admit the proximity of the saturation point.

THE bankers and merchants of the other parts of the country are uttering propaganda aimed to stop the migration, not for purely selfish reasons, because, after all, the continued prosperity of Florida would be reflected in the banks and industries outside that State, but because they begin to fear the return of their pilgrims richer only in experience.

Several baseball club owners have said that it is unlikely that their athletes will be trained in Florida until the furor abates, because there is too much money in the Florida air. Florida real estate took Bill Doak, the pitcher, from the Brooklyn team and almost Dazzy Vance.

More than three hundred millions of dollars have been invested in Florida real estate development during the present year. Building activity has increased by from one hundred to one thousand per cent this year over last. In Tampa the increase has been upwards of seven hundred and fifty per cent; Miami Beach, five hundred and fifty per cent, and in Miami one hundred and fifty per cent. But the longer the boom the greater the gamble.

The Florida Legislature two years ago passed a law which forever forbids the adoption by the State of income tax and inheritance tax laws. But do not be confused. You still pay Federal taxes on your income in Florida.

Come what may, there will remain those who have made their thousands and such men as Carl Fisher, James Middleton Cox, E. G. Sewell, and a hundred more, their millions. And there will be Aunt Bessie in St. Augustine.

She is more than seventy years old and as frail as her ancient lace. She owned a venerable wooden house which has been standing timidly on its hundred-foot lot for eighty years.

She inherited the house, some debts and nothing else of a material nature. She posted a notice that she desired lady and gentlemen boarders. Her best room and most advantageous chair at the table could be had for eight dollars a week.

One year ago the house and lot were assessed at five thousand five hundred dollars. In June a brisk young man came to the door and offered Aunt Bessie ten thousand for the place. She wanted to say yes, but couldn't because she was crying. The brisk young man said he would come back in an hour or two. One of the boarders got the story of her troubles.

He telephoned an old lawyer. The lawyer came over, met the brisk young man and rejected the offer. He asked five real estate men their opinions and Aunt Bessie's old house was sold to a New Yorker for thirty-seven thousand and Aunt Bessie moved to Georgia.

THE END

Free Bicycles
won by these two Liberty Boy Salesmen

How would you like to win one of these wonderful bicycles, a radio, football outfit, sled, skates or any one of over 200 free prizes offered to boys for selling Liberty Magazine? It's easy! Let us show you how to get them. Also how to earn

Spending Money, Every Week, Besides

Just send the coupon. Thousands of boys are happy and independent now, simply working in spare hours, right in their own neighborhoods. No experience or money needed. Let us send you our catalog of free prizes, and all details on how to make money every week.

Here are John and George Buskie of Kentucky, with their new bicycles, won for selling Liberty Magazines. George is the Kentucky champion.

Mail This Coupon for Details

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue,
New York City, New York.

Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story

MANNEQUIN

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law

By FANNIE HURST

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHEN Selene Herrick realized that her baby had been stolen she fell in a faint on the floor. Poor Selene! Coming home, penitent, in the belief that the worst that could happen had been the bitter quarrel with her husband over her extravagances.

The quarrel had been forgotten—drowned in a new tenderness. Selene had been eager to get back home. John Lester Herrick had missed her to desperation. Kisses. Tears. And then each of them asking at once about little Joan.

Selene thinking that during those three days of absence, the child had remained with John and the nurse. John Herrick believing the child to be with Selene. Gone for three whole days! Neither father nor mother knowing where except——

Yes, it had been Selene's love of beautiful things and the niceties of life that had brought on the tragedy. John Herrick, struggling to get ahead as a lawyer. Selene wanting things. Her purchase of an expensive antique scarf for the baby's perambulator had caused the quarrel that had brought on the three days' separation. Her whim of wanting a nursemaid for Joan, and her engagement of Annie Pogany.

Annie Pogany, denied motherhood and craving it. Sly, superstitious, child-hungry Annie. Her overfondness for little Joan had been noticed, but who would have dreamed that the woman would steal away with the child?

SOMETIMES, when she came home from school, the thought smote her: what if she should enter and find one of them there? It kept her on the edge of herself every time she turned the knob to the room.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE granite jungle.

When Joan was old enough to think in terms of similes, it seemed that to her. The lower East Side of New York, where she spent thirteen years of her life.

The granite jungle that camouflages everything that comes in contact with it, by changing it to the same gray pallor as its sidewalks and stone courtyards and brick walls. The color of poverty. The color of the women's faces and the babies' bodies and the hair of little girls and the lean flanks of dogs and the thin bits of sunshine and the yellow of Chinese and the russet of Slavs and the blond of Central Europe—all camouflaged to the identical pallor of the asphalt jungle. The color of poverty. The gray of the tenement.

Almost overnight, in their black slit of a room on the fringe of the block where the Italian quarter becomes Chinese, Joan's little coloring took on the cunning camouflage of the lower East Side. That is to say, dressed in the cotton "crawlers" Annie took care immediately to exchange for the sheer lingerie of the made-by-Selene's-hand daintinesses, the gray sucked little Joan against it.

If you had beheld her playing in a cat-and-can-infested courtyard in a clump of children, or hugging to herself an alley kitten, the gray would have been stronger than the faint little luminous quality of Joan that was pearly. You would have passed her in the gray.

And Annie, made a little insolent by this knowledge, dared, even while the newspapers of the old men on stoops, and the very wrappings, sometimes, that came around a loaf of bread, were still blazing with descriptions and photographs of little Joan, to walk down the block with her.

One more child the color of the tenement. One more ant in the hill. One more mother and child, grains of sand in the desert.

It tucked you in so securely, the camouflage.

Even when the day came that the savings in the old silk stocking tucked down into the petticoat pocket were gone, and Annie, with a charge now to come home to evenings, went out gladly enough to day-work as a charwoman, she felt the security of that camouflage.

JOAN, despite the pallor and the innate fastidiousness with which she played in dirt day by day yet was untouched by it, was nonetheless the color of the slums. Her little calico dresses were. The untrained riot of heavy dark hair was. The thick cotton stockings, that loud badge of squalor, full of holes, and the horrid gray-green of cheap dyes in cheap cotton.

Oh, Joan was sucked into the gray, all right. The very first week saw to that. The very first week of changing her clothes and burning the dainty ones in a pan under the one-burner gas stove, so that for days the foul little room reeked further of that.

And, somehow, bereft of her finery, her fair little body immediately crammed into the uniform of the tenement, this child became dearer to Annie. Closer, somehow, as if, with the barrier of fine fabrics down, Joan's flesh became closer to the caliber of Annie's flesh.

She loved to huddle the child, there in the dark mouth of their room, close up to her, as if the thick cotton denims of her little dresses made her a coarser and somehow a closer possession.

How her face could glow out of that gloom.

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[MANNEQUIN
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Annie's. A face lit with a gratification. Like the firm round glow of a just-filled lamp. She used to croon to Joan, in those first long weeks before the money gave out. All day, soft-voiced little nonsenses, tacked to the fore and aft of the only couplet she knew . . . to the lullaby tune of Jocelyn:

By-o, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting.
Baby girl has got no dad.
Baby girl has got no dad.

Indeed Daddy had gone a-hunting.

Sly Annie. With all the cunning psychology of the low-geared brain, there was, she realized, the matter of name to be taken care of.

The name Annie Pogany must go out into silence. Like the flame of a candle when you douse it. That was easy enough. If you were very insolent with security, your cunning psychology told you, you might even keep the Annie. As a blind. Annie what? There was nothing to suggest the printed word except the label on an empty tomato can in a wooden trash box under the sink. Sargossa Brand. Annie what? Sun-Ripened Tomatoes. Sargossa Brand. Annie Sargossa. That would do.

BUT the choosing of a pseudonym for little Joan. That was another matter. The days dragged into weeks, and the weeks into months, during the period that Annie's funds held out, and, except when she ventured down the block with the child to the pushcart markets, there she sat huddled with her most of the days—close up to the hurt in her breast that dissolved at the contact. And still Annie could think of no name for Joan.

No name sufficiently eloquent of her dear little unbesmirchable loveliness.

No name that matched up with the curious little dusky-pearl quality of her fairness. Exotic black-pearl fairness. And Annie wanted that kind of name for this Possession of hers. None of the few she could think of quite suited. Not Annie. "Miss Lizzie" had been the name of a housekeeper who had been kind to her at the "School." But, somehow, Lizzie would never do. Mary had been the name of one of the girls in the "School"—a horrid girl with face sores—and, besides, Annie did not want the name of any girl from that "School" for her Possession. Bella was a name, and Jocelyn.

But no. A "Miss Daisy" she had once worked for had used to give her pink mints. But no, not Daisy. . . .

But there was a flower . . . poor slow-geared brain of Annie. It was so hard to remember much of anything. But there was a flower that reminded her of the way her Possession, there in the grime of that room, grew so persistently into loveliness.

There was nothing much could seem to quench that loveliness. Neither the thick gray cotton stuffs that clothed her, the dirty floor on which she played, nor the soot of the tenements. She could wallow with the Italian children of Prince Street, mixed in with a few of the slant-eyed little Orientals from Mott, down in the furiously dirty courtyard, and yet, somehow, not seem to gather its filth. Annie's Possession, in a world of children with grime ground against their faces, kept, somehow, clear-skinned. The little amazing integrity of her.

There was a flower. . .

Day after day, night after night, when Joan lay on the pallet beside her, close to the troubled, the puzzled beating of her heart, Annie lay trying to remember.

There had been a flower in the window box in the dining room at Mrs. Herrick's. A cream-and-mauve-colored daintiness that grew out from the homely little box of phlox and geranium. The exotic thing that did not belong there. The exotic thing that persisted through.

More than once Annie had overheard Mrs. Herrick describing the little phenomenon to friends, and that day of the dinner Mrs. Herrick had pronounced the name to her angrily and clearly . . .

There was a flower . . . There was a flower . . . Week after week of groping to remember the name.

THERE was a little box of envelopes of flower seeds on the counter of the corner drug store. The clerk read the names of them off to her. Pansies. Nasturtiums. Verbenas. Phlox. No. No. No. Not one was the name of the flower that kept all of its exotic loveliness there in the homely little window box of the Herrick's dining room.

Annie, beating about days and half the nights trying to remember—there was a flower—there was a flower——

And then, one evening, by the ridiculous analogy of a pork chop she was buying for their meal that was to be prepared over the one-burner gas stove, the name came to her on a little clap of recollection. The "o" vowel in pork must have done it.

Orchid! That was the name of the flower. That was the name of the flower that, in every little daintiness and fastidiousness that persisted, reminded her more and more of the mauve-and-cream-colored loveliness that was Joan's.

Orchid.

And thus it was that, when the time came for the Possession to swap names with the neighborhood children and put her signature on application cards for public school and health

ONCE, when Orchid was eleven, Annie fashioned out of pink tissue paper a Queen-of-the-May dress.

certificates, Orchid Sargossa was the somewhat hodgepodge appellation of a little girl who, come to think about it, if you had time to single her out of the thousands about her, did have a little something in the tinge of her that was exotic.

IT is improbable, even in the squalor of those early years of her little girlhood, that Orchid could have been called an unhappy child.

At any rate, not for the first of them, in that period when Annie was just part of an environment that she took to be the entire world.

That was her universe, bounded by Prince Street, Mulberry, and Mott. All children had a Nana like hers except the Raviollas, whose Nana had died, and all eleven of the youngsters "got sent" to the asylum.

Otherwise, all Nanas seemed pretty much the weather-stained, labor-stained women who were none of these things to Orchid, because, apparently, the law of Prince and Mott and Mulberry Street was that all Nanas were in that image.

Sometimes, if something revolted in her at her own Nana when she sloughed about the dirty floor of the room barefoot, it was not so much that she was quite conscious of the sordid spectacle as that it would have gone so against the grain of Orchid's own little pink-soled feet to let them blacken and thicken at the soles as Annie's did, and protrude out of shape in great calloused notches.

Nana never cared if Orchid went barefoot or not. But, somehow, even in the breathless, reeking July days, when most of the children in the tenement lay naked on fire escapes and down on the bleaching sidewalks, Orchid could never bear to let her flesh come directly in contact with the dirtiness.

The flesh of her little back that she could not reach with the scrap of rag she kept clean by hanging to dry on the doorknob and then wrapping it away in newspaper, she kept firm and cool-feeling by squatting with her young nakedness in the sink and letting the water from the faucet run down over her as if she had been a little marble knoll.

With her instinct she avoided, somehow, the contacts with the dirtiness. Annie, who used to wash out her thick little misshapen dresses, did it slovenly. Almost seeming to grind the dirt in. Then, on the days, the long days, the shut-in days, the lonely days, when Nana was out at charwork, she climbed on a chair beside the sink and washed them out herself. And sometimes a coarse denim sacque of Nana's, to surprise her when she came home.

Before she was five, she knew the trick, all right, of looking out for her little self. When the whistles down along the east wharves blew noon, it was time, then, to drag the chair over to the packing case that served as table, scratch a match—carefully held away from her eyes the way Nana had showed her—and make a flame under the pan of veal-neck stew Annie had left in position on the burner.

Sometimes she went down into the court to shout into the squalor, along with the other children, or, on rainy days, into the long slit of hall that ran through the house like a tunnel. But once, in this hallway, when Orchid was only six, a boy said horrid, frightening things to her; things that she did not understand, but were horrid and frightening, none the less. And so, for the most part, little Orchid stayed up in the room while Nana was gone all day, or played in neighboring tenement rooms with little girls of her age. Horrible rooms, invariably filled with the bickerings of the tired, misshapen women and too many children and men who swaggered in, often on sea-legs from drink.

One evening, though, they came around from the Community House and asked Nana to send her child to day nursery during the hours she was forced to be away at the charwork.

It was pleasant there. Braiding shiny colored paper into mats and tracing birds and painting them reds and greens and blues with water paints.

Poor Nana. Sometimes, with her cracked old lye-bitten stumps of fingers, she used to sew dresses, evenings, now that Orchid was in day nursery. Coarse, bulbous things that, because they were new and therefore clean, were lovely to the child.

II.

THOSE were years, for Annie, of a poor fogged kind of fulfillment.

The days in and days out of swabbing down the corridors and lavatories of office buildings were soapy, soaked, scummy affairs, but they led to home and the Possession that slept with lovely hand against the hurt of her heart.

The hurt of the starveling. The gnawing hurt of never having lived or loved or been loved.

For all the years of her Possession's little girlhood they slept side by side on the lump of a pallet they called bed, the child's hand, in an unconscious and precious habit she had, spread against the hurting place in Annie's bosom as if she would heal it there.

Except for the mental dimness of Annie, and except for a variability of temperament that made her sometimes broody and even a little vicious if crossed, this woman, in her greedy way, was kind to Orchid.

And with the little delicate tendrils of the easy affection of childhood eager to fasten themselves, Orchid turned all her love upon the fragment-minded woman she called Nana and

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[MANNEQUIN
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literally danced her fastidious way through a murky childhood that, for want of a basis of comparison, was not murky to her.

Inevitably, of course, the lurid patter of the tenement found its way to Orchid's lips. But, strangely enough, not to linger there. Before she had even started public school, the counteracting environment of day nursery pitted itself against a lingo that gradually she was to shed, along with the habit of sucking pennies under her tongue as the children in the courtyards did, and of jerking bits of fruit or pickles off the pushcart when the peddler's back was turned.

LITTLE Orchid, leading the everyday life of the everyday tenement child, except for the persistence of the fastidiousness that kept her hair in a smooth black wing fashion against her clear cheeks, while Annie's, for need of washing and luster, hung in clumps, and that kept her mouth, somehow, as clean and as fresh as a rose in a bowl, even in the days when she sucked her pennies as naturally as she batted her eyes.

Hurdy-gurdy slum days. The dance of the washlines. Ever since she could remember, when she was scarcely big enough to peer above the window sills, and later, when her knees were parallel with them, that was the vista upon which Orchid literally opened and closed her eyes.

The dance of the clotheslines. Gibbets of union suits hanging from them. Waving of coarse flannel arms. Tossing of balbriggan legs. Hunky, tiny-armed children's dresses impaled at the shoulders by clothes pins. That was the vista, and the sounds from that vista were the squealings of the pullings of the pulleys drawing in and out the clothes lines, and the mewlings of cats, and the shoutings of children, and the roar, as of the roaring of infinitude in a shell, of the lower East Side.

Sometimes there were neighborhood parades and fiestas of the Italian children on Prince Street. Once Orchid wore a gilt paper crown on her head and walked in the public school parade on Decoration Day.

Annie had snipped out the crown with her lye-bitten hands. Poor Annie. It should have been ten minutes' work, snipping out the spikes in the strips of pasteboard and pasting it over with gilt paper furnished by the school. But her hands were such stubs by now, and so the cutting and the snipping and the pasting took her two evenings of unrelenting labor by gaslight, after the days of the scrubbing of the corridors and lavatories.

It was fine, though, seeing Orchid march in the parade with a staff wound in red, white, and blue and a gold star at its head, also snipped out by Annie. Annie, sitting on the curb, with her skirts trailing in the gutter, kept blinking her eyes so and chattering her pride with the lumpy, misshapen mothers of the tenements.

Pride of possession. Slow-witted Annie, her face made nervous leaping movements with it.

And once, too, when Orchid was eleven, for four evenings, until she made croaking noises in her throat of the pain in her back, Annie fashioned out of pink tissue paper a Queen-of-the-May dress.

Orchid was to be Queen of the May at the public school celebration, and was to walk under a pink-paper canopy held up by her classmates and to recite in her thin, fluty little voice, while a chorus of fifth-grade children chanted after, The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

It was terrible to see Annie's stubs of fingers putter among the frail pink tissues. Orchid, even when she was only eleven, wanted to wrap and drape the bright stuff herself. And did, finally, when Annie was off at charwork. Unplaiting Annie's clumsy folds of tissue and readjusting them until the paper flared from her like a dainty inverted rose.

Triumphantly, that holiday, Orchid was Queen of the May.

Queen of a hundred little yearlings like herself, with their coarse, hole-peppered stockings showing out under the frail tissues, and the dreary lingerie of the tenements peeping darkly above the pink-paper butterfly bows on their shoulders.

It was Saturday afternoon, on a dry plot of ground between tenements; a bit of public square that was the color of a parched old tongue.

Orchid, in the pink tissues that she wore with a fastidiousness that made the rim of children and mothers around the curbstone clap their hands when she came along! Annie, who had taken a half-day off, was among those mothers.

Suddenly, marching along under the canopy, with the pink tissue bows like wings at her shoulders and her manner of wearing the paper frock a *chic* little one all her own, it came over Orchid, with the shock of the first self-consciousness on the subject she had ever experienced, that among the rather grim frieze of the tenement mothers along the curbstone there —even among them—Nana was somehow the most grotesque. The most like one of the stone gargoyle faces carved above the entrance to the fifty-two-story office building where Nana scrubbed.

When Orchid was barely thirteen, there was already something of the crone about Annie. The clumps of hair. The snag of front tooth that bit down into lower lip. The dim and shifting eyes and the heat-lightning jerking of her features; the nervous twitching that, as time and the something else wore on, became more and more noticeable.

The something else.

When it first began to happen, Orchid could not even try to co-ordinate the frightening facts of it to herself without going off into nervous paroxysms of crying that gave her fever blisters and made her breathing jerk for hours afterward.

Once, in school, after Annie had been particularly dreadful, one of the fits of crying seized Orchid. So that they sent her down into the principal's office, and two teachers and the principal himself worked over her.

BUT Orchid would no more have told! For years it was as if this child were literally spreading her meager little skirts to hide a situation that scorched her with shame.

Orchid would no more have revealed the why of her nervous collapse into tears. The why that she had guarded almost with her instinct and long before her self-consciousness began to awaken her to the need to be covert.

For years, ever since she was seven and had entered the primary grade of public school, Orchid had lied about the Thing. Valiantly. There never was a time when, questioned by the social workers and investigators who made their rounds from tenement door to tenement door, that Orchid did not lie for Annie. Debonairly. To the investigators. To the neighbors. To even herself. What had happened was this: the natural thing. Almost the to-be-expected thing.

Annie, so full of desire and with only the fulfillment of the one Possession, had scrubbed corridors alongside a crone of a woman who opened up to her, on the whiff of one sniff of white powder, whole new realms of sensation that not only equaled but indeed surpassed the gratification sensation of the Possession.

When Orchid was eight, Annie had already begun to take drugs.

When Orchid was ten, Annie, mind you, who all her life had been a starveling of reformatory and institution, and who still had a little roundness to her figure and a bit of gilt to her hair, began to realize the easy, devious ways that, if luck was with you, were easier than charwork.

From eight until she was thirteen, it was as if Orchid were caught there in a vise of an environment that could have destroyed her from almost every side. The dread little bottles of white powder that lurked in hiding places under the pallet mattress and in the pendulum part of the clock. The little glass-tube instruments that Annie kept concealed in a bit of old lining torn from a hat. Flat bottles with screw tops that protruded sometimes crazily from queer hiding places. The strange, shabby, often lurching men who smelled of the sea. There was a certain freighter that came in every fourth week. Before she quite realized what anything meant, Orchid had learned to estimate and to dread the date of the coming of that boat.

THERE was one man who wore his shirt open and had a beard on his chest. That was when he came to the room—the week that the freighter was due. Sometimes then—sometimes—all—the night——

Those were the things that even the thought of could send Orchid into the terrible, the secret cryings.

Frequently, Annie went off, though. All night. That was better. Except for the fear of lying there alone on the pallet. Thinking the things. Fearing the fears.

It was not that she did not love Annie. Poor, barren, gnarled-faced mother to her. The tale about her father, who must have been a fine and handsome father with a waxed-upward mustache, made her sorry for Nana. And for herself. To have lost him as husband. To have lost him as father. Nana had told her about him so often as they lay there on the pallet with her little hand up against the heart of her Nana. He had been owner of a barge. A fine one with a red cabin, and one night had gone down with it. Poor Nana. Poor Orchid. Annie had used to croak at her a little hoarsely long after the tale of Father was finished; long after Orchid had fallen asleep, Annie lying there croaking it: "Poor Nana. Poor Orchid."

It was only when she was druggy or groggy that this woman who had fostered Orchid, sewn her dresses with her poor lye-eaten fingers, and fashioned her pink-tissue May frocks when her back jerked with pain, could be alien to her, and even terrible. Terrible with the strange irascibilities of the drugged mind.

Annie, who loved to fondle Orchid, could pinch her arms, then, so that for days after one of Annie's "spells" Orchid wore her long-sleeved little dresses to hide the blackness-and-blueness. Annie had struck her once, too, across the eyes, in one of these attacks when she was "not well," and broken open the flesh at the top of her nose, and for nights after the spell dragged herself out of bed three or four times to lay wet cloths on the ugly little gash that kept opening from the riding of the flesh between Orchid's eyes.

And once, when Annie must have been gin-soaked instead of just cruel and cunning from the powder, she began to yell because Orchid had dropped her slate. No other reason. But she was horrible. Chasing her in wavy, un-

certain, careening steps from corner to corner of the room.

The thing that Orchid dreaded, though, was the neighbors. The neighbors must not know.

But most of all it was the men. The loud-breathing longshoremen. The men with stubbles of beards and the eyes with red threads in them.

Their eyes slid over her so, giving her the horrible feeling of awakening, as one did in the tenement, to the crawl of a roach.

Their eyes slid so, giving her almost the horrible feeling of their moist lips.

Sometimes, when she came home from school, the thought smote her: what if she should enter and find one of them there—without Nana? The one who wore his shirt open, even in winter, and had the terrible chest? Sometimes, leaving for school in the mornings, one of them was still there. . . .

It kept her half frightened and on the edge of herself every time she turned the knob to the room. Except in her heart she knew Nana. Never had she been too groggy or too druggy to permit one single one of them with the sliding eyes that could frighten so to so much as touch her.

Once, a sailor, not one of the young ones with jaunty shaved heads and little white-duck upturned caps that walked Prince Street sometimes, but an old one with a quid in his cheek, made a feint of grabbing her by the waist one day as she came in from an evening in the reading room of the Settlement House.

Why, Annie had leaped at him with a litheness she seemed much too gnarled for. There was no one of them ever came into that room ever dared more than to let his eyes slide.

They knew, somehow, with their intuition. There was growing up unsullied in the horridness of that room literally a little orchid.

Annie, even as the fog between her and reality seemed to settle like milk in the watery blue of her eyes and her perceptions went duller and duller, saw to that.

Hands off of Orchid.

III.

THE Settlement House helped Orchid.

It meant that she was scarcely at home at all.

After school and in the crowded, busy years before she was ready to enter junior high, Orchid, rather than come home to the door of a room whose handle she always dreaded to turn for fear of what it might disclose, spent long, happy hours at the House, as she called it.

The House of a thousand doors to the jammed little spirit of Orchid. Reading rooms with window boxes, cretonne hangings, and painted chairs.

Twice a week a young woman in horn-rimmed spectacles came down and told stories in the assembly room from four until five.

She learned to sew there, too. Minute, steady little stitches, into sheer things. And evenings from seven to nine-thirty the reading room was hers to roam through the enchanted aisle of chapters and pages of the rich, rich world of lore and fancy.

There was a little Jewish girl named Sadie Rosalsky who used to sit, arm intertwined with hers, poring, taking turns at turning the pages at just the moment the two of them simultaneously reached the bottom. Old Curiosity Shop. Golden Treasury. Short Glimpses into the Classics. Gulliver's Travels. Tales from Shakespeare. Idylls of the King.

Once she had been sent with a note by one of the teachers up to the rooms of Miss Walter, head of the House. She rubbed her thick cotton-ribbed ankles one against the other as she stood and stared while she waited. It was as if something in her had unfolded. Of recognition. Recognition of things she loved even before she had known they existed. Nicenesses undreamed of. Fresh flowers in brass bowls. Firelight that lay in pools in dark wood; a nice octagon shaped table with a yellow tea set on it. A blue velvet couch with a look of deep sink to it. Cool feeling bits of black and white drawings on the wall—etchings—with wide white mats and narrow black frames.

It went in so indelibly, that picture of the first room of nice appointments and nice taste she had ever seen. It was as if something as vague as the first little nerve twitch of a tooth about to ache had set in.

UP to this point Orchid's consciousness of the black slit of room she and Nana called home had been little more than a realization that there was something poorer about it and meaner than even the poor and mean tenements about them. But now, suddenly, a brand new consciousness in Orchid had lifted its head.

She knew with her mind what before she had only known with the surface of her being. She knew now, standing in that pretty firelit sitting room, how bitterly, how detestably, she hated ugliness.

Then this happened. If she had been more than just turned fourteen, and inexplicably enough, a strangely innocent fourteen at that, she must inevitably have seen it coming. But somehow, because she had reckoned with horridness so long; the horridness of the looks of longshoremen; the horridness of the little boys she was obliged to pass in the long black tunnel of hallway; the horridness of the street jargon from which she somehow managed to keep her own lips so fastidiously clear—she had reckoned with these so long, that there was in her, perhaps unconsciously, a false sense of her immunity.

The advances of men upon her prettiness Orchid had learned to resist almost while she was still lisping. Horrid little boys to be jabbed with pins that she wore ready for them, on the underside of her skirt belt.

Then, too, her knowledge that Nana in her way was keeping guard made her feel safe from the scutch. Yet there was always the lurking fear back somewhere—what if Nana—when the milk of fog was thickest in her eyes—what if Nana did not—might not—know enough—to keep guard. . . .

And precisely that was what did happen. One Sunday afternoon Orchid dashed into the room, her healthy young appetite demanding supper.

In the four hours she had been away the longshoreman had come. The one with the bare chest whom she dreaded most. That meant the freighter was in! He was sprawled out in the only rocking chair the room possessed, his great feet, toes up, out in the middle of the floor. Annie, who must have been sitting across the enormous hypotenuse of him, rose as she entered and picked up one of the bottles from the floor. Empty bottles that Orchid knew and dreaded by the shape and the odor. Gin bottles.

And Nana was not herself. Terribly not herself. Because she waved so as she walked and flopped herself down on the pallet and just sat stooped-over and silly, with the hair in clumps down over her eyes and the fog in them making them so frightfully milky and pale.

Usually Orchid just sat, with the frozen feeling out all over her, on the wooden box over by the window sill, waiting for the visitor to go—waiting until somehow, some way, she could get Nana to bed.

She knew the whole procedure. Nana, who usually had two or three dollars in bills after these visitations, waking out of her state to cry, to moan her promises never to have it happen again.

Life could be so consistently nauseous. One could grow accustomed even to horror. But this day there was something so limp about Nana. So silly. It was the silliness smote Orchid first with alarm.

"Nana," she cried, and started toward her for fear she might fall forward from her place on the side of the pallet there, and cut her head on the stove edge, as she had been known to do.

It meant climbing over the outstretched fling of the longshoreman, rushing toward Nana like that, and that was her mistake, because, tripping so that her warm little ankle banged against his leg, suddenly, in arms that were as terrifying to her as the arms of a gorilla, he had her. Holding her. Holding her so that the roughness of his chest touched her cheek.

"Nana," she cried, and struggled and bit. "Nana. Nana." And always under her breath, for fear of the neighbors, for that fear of the neighbors; struggled as she bit and biting as she struggled. "Nana—please—Nana—don't let him——"

But Nana, in pallid droop there on the side of the pallet, was too silly to care. Too not herself. Nana, after all the years of protection, had failed her. "Oh, Nana, Nana." And Nana only sat back and drowsed while she bit and she kicked and plunged with her fists against the bare chest that horrified her.

"LET me go. You. You." In whispers, though. In whispers, even while her fear blinded her. "Let me go. You. Or I'll bite or I'll kick. Nana—won't you please—Nana—call him off—Nana!" she cried out, and then on a shriek that slipped up and got beyond her control: "Nana, won't you *help*——"

His eyes were so close. Pinwheels that spun. The eyes that had so often, but passively, slid over her. Pinwheels now that spun. And the stubble of him. He was all stubble. Of jowl, and of chest and of the backs of his hands—Orchid, frantic with terror. Superhuman with terror.

Without knowing how, as he had her there with his face close to hers and his breathing that was always so loud in two heavy streams against her neck, somehow, some way, with a litheness born of emergency, she was clear of him. With a little swooping motion, low, under his arms, she was out, down the stairs, through the black tunnel of hall, out into the blessed security of the swarming slum street.

She ran. She ran. And there was a gale in her throat and the sound of sobbing and drowning in her ears. She ran. Trembling and sobbing and choking with silent hysteria by the time she reached the House.

A teacher passing in the hall touched her lightly on the head as she hurried past.

"Good-evening, Orchid."

"Good-evening, Miss Daly," she said through the roaring as of drowning in her ears.

Another teacher looked up and smiled as she entered the reading room.

And Orchid smiled back, through the roaring as of drowning.

How can Orchid guard against similar occurrences in the future? This is the question which Fate answers in a surprising way—a way which alters the whole course of Orchid's future life. Read the gripping narrative of this great change in next week's issue.

The Younger Generation

IS IT REALLY SO WICKED?

Final Article of a Series in Which the Most Discussed Social Problem of Today Is Brought Into a New and Highly Interesting Light by Representative Opinions Gathered by Liberty from 140 American and Canadian Cities and Towns

By FRANKLIN B. FARGO

Picture by FRANK GODWIN

LOS ANGELES, the land of make-believe, views with mingled emotions the current trend of youth. Capt. G. S. McClary, commanding the Crime Prevention Bureau of the Police Department, handles the great majority of juvenile delinquency cases in that city.

He admits that our children are wild but vigorously denies that they are vicious. He blames their derelictions upon their parents.

"There is a growing lack of parental discipline and control," says he. "Juvenile cases now attract much more attention than formerly. The police are asked to deal with children where formerly the situations were handled in the home. There are almost twice as many runaways today as there were twenty years ago."

Captain McClary's records show that during the first six months of 1925 he was requested to instigate search for four hundred and thirty-five boys and three hundred and fifty-two girls from Los Angeles. In addition requests came from various parts of the country to look for runaway children. He has been able to locate none of the latter. To be sure, there is no proof that they landed in Los Angeles. Generally parents surmise that their wandering children would turn up in that city to seek fame on the movie lot.

"The majority of these missing children range in age from ten to fifteen," said the captain.

The movie producers are doing everything in their power to discourage youths from leaving home hopeful of winning fame and fortune under the Kleig lights. They lend all possible assistance to the police in locating the supposedly movie-mad youngsters. Still, the list grows.

Mrs. Georgie P. Bullock, police court judge handling the cases of minors in Los Angeles, agrees with Captain McClary that the children are not so much to blame as their parents.

In Seattle, Washington, public opinion seems to be epitomized by King Dykeman, formerly judge in Superior Court. For twelve years he handled all juvenile cases in that city.

"Fundamentally," says he, "our youth today is just as moral as it ever was. Immorality is more advertised today than ever before and is accepted with less fuss and feathers, than ten or fourteen years ago. That's all. Times have changed and are changing."

Indiana reports that whereas its latest laws —the Wright law in particular—have been designed to make the drinking and smuggling of booze and violations of the Sabbath physical impossibilities, the youth of that State is fighting hard for its head—and doing rather well at it.

An investigator in Indiana finds that youth looks upon the Wright law (the bone-dry law) as a challenge and there is a bitter fight in progress. Liquor can be had. It is frightful stuff and its effects are demoralizing. A product of sugar alcohol is popular in the road houses and boys and girls from sixteen to twenty find no trouble in procuring it. In no other part of the country are the bootlegger and the consumer so closely associated as in Indiana.

Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, and other western States report nothing of indictment of youth. In Denver, Colorado, twenty professional men and women were asked whether young people were better or worse, morally, than their parents were. Four men promptly said "better." Six, including two women, said our flaming youth merited all the epithets hurled upon it. The remaining ten—three of them women—said:

"Youth is wiser, but neither better nor worse."

In September, however, three hundred and twenty-two boys and girls were lodged in the Denver jail for various offenses, the majority of them trivial. They ranged in age from ten to twenty. Yet the increase over September, 1924, is but two. The number is one hundred more than in September, 1920, if that proves anything.

But Denver produces the story of a girl of twenty-one which illustrates the trend of the times. She is attractive and a high school graduate. She had been private secretary to a district judge in a southern State. She married a man of twenty-four from whom, after a year of tribulations, she parted. She tried making a living as a waitress.

"But that was a case of lots of work and little pay," she said. "I met a young chap with lots of money. He was bootlegging, said he was one of the few in Denver who were 'getting by' in spite of the scrutiny by city, State, and Federal officers. He offered to help me make some money. My folks are living here. So when I took his proposition, I went to a city just over the State line.

"I rented a small house in the better residential district. Moonshine was delivered when ordered over the telephone. I sold the stuff at fifty cents a drink. The first month I made two hundred and fifty dollars profit—above all expenses.

"I didn't like kids—the ones of about sixteen or seventeen—coming into the house, at first, because I was afraid they might talk. But when I found that they outnumbered the older customers I let them come.

"I jumped around quite a bit; had about seven houses in as many months. I didn't drink and behaved myself generally. As to the others—they could get all the drinks they could pay for—and, probably without exception, they came and went in automobiles. You can use your own judgment.

"I never was caught. I made enough to buy an automobile and keep me for several months. Will I go back to it? I'll decide that when my money gives out."

In Milwaukee, another investigator found the topic eagerly received. Several hundred men and women gave conflicting opinions, although the great majority of them denied that our children are morally lax. A special survey at a convention of eight thousand school teachers from all parts of Wisconsin resulted in opinions from three hundred and seventeen of them. Only three of that number said that the younger generation's morals were disintegrating or even worse than the morals of past generations.

CONTINUING toward the Atlantic Coast, the reports offer an almost unfailing sameness in the definition of what constitutes youthful misbehavior. Where it is found that youth is running somewhat amuck, it is doing so through the media of synthetic gin, impertinence to or disregard of parents, petting, cheek-to-jowl dancing, scanty feminine apparel, late hours, and utter freedom of speech.

Says the Louisville, Kentucky, report:

"Generally speaking, the older generation is more chagrined than shocked. The mother and father of today do not assay better, morally, than their mothers and fathers. But the parents of our self-emancipated youth, realizing that they were held to rather strict accountability by their parents, are disappointed because they are not able to exercise the same restraining influence over the children of today. In other words, they seem to feel cheated. It is human to enjoy being somebody's boss."

Cleveland offers a fresher aspect by admitting that our children are undoubtedly much wilder than our grandparents were at corresponding ages, but that the wildness is of an imitative nature, and that the real cause of all the disturbance is to be found among the

"TODAY we have high school girls and boys drinking hootch which would corrode a steel billet. Whether this will have its effect upon future generations I don't know."

young married folk. The so-called younger married sets, it would appear, are setting examples which the children of sixteen to twenty can only hope to imitate weakly.

It is argued that whereas the men of past generations worked many years before accumulating wealth, such has been the economic change that young men are finding sudden wealth. In other words, we are too prosperous, as a nation, for our moral health. Too much money — money suddenly or swiftly acquired—reaches the hands of men between twenty-five and thirty-five, and these young men, unaccustomed to wealth and lacking the "balance" which age manufactures, go to extremes in their behavior, aided and abetted by their younger wives.

In turn, the youth of the land, wiser in its generation, appreciates the meaning of the wild dances and parties given by the younger married set and sees no reason why it, too, shouldn't drink too many cocktails, plunge too heavily at bridge, and otherwise live at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour.

We seem to forget, says Atlanta, that nobody watches us so closely as our youth. Moreover, nobody imitates us so accurately as our children.

ILLUSTRATING this comes a story from New Jersey. A father, obviously worried, called in a neighbor, a judge in one of the more important courts. It so happens that this judge had but recently sentenced a batch of bootleggers and blind tiger proprietors to prison.

"Judge," said the father, "I'm worried about my daughter. Now, I'm not prepared to say she has gone wrong, but I'm afraid she's headed that way. What I mean is that she seems to be past minding her mother or me. For instance, she's out somewhere now. Went out this afternoon with a boy about twenty, in his car. One of those pert young chaps — sheiks. Raccoon coat, fast motor car. That sort. Probably a flask of gin on his hip. She telephoned about dinner time saying she wouldn't be home for dinner and not to wait for her. Get that? Not to wait up for her. And she's only sixteen.

"We asked her where she was. She said she was at some place where she would have dinner and that later she was going to dance. It's ten o'clock now. God knows what time she'll be in."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE YOUNGER GENERATION—
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The father arose, went to a closet, out of which he took a bottle of Scotch and another of water. He and the judge built themselves tall highballs. The father, thus fortified, resumed:

"Her mother reports that she smelled liquor on the child's breath one night. I tell you, Judge, I'm worried. I wish you'd speak to her."

The two men talked on. At midnight the daughter arrived home. She greeted her father and the judge enthusiastically. Bill, the boy, had driven her home from New York in forty minutes.

"The traffic held us up," she laughed, "but we made the wide-open spaces in nothing flat. I drove."

"Did you have anything to drink?" demanded the father.

"A cocktail before dinner. That's all."

"My dear child," put in the judge, "it is very unwise of you. Also let me inform you that you have no license to drive that car. Don't you know that you were breaking the law?"

"Never thought of it," said the girl brightly. Then, pointing to the whisky her father and his guest were drinking, she added:

"Since when, Judge, did they repeal the Volstead act?"

And she left them to ponder that one.

THAT our children are more sophisticated than we were at their ages is not debatable. Everybody agrees that they know more than most of their elders. But whether this is an evil or a virtue is a question upon which those persons interviewed are hopelessly divided.

Our judiciary, from Maine to California, is far from being a unit in its opinions. A justice of the Supreme Court of New York is emphatic in his defense of the children, saying, in part:

"They are so much wiser in their generation than we were in ours that they will emerge the quicker from the fog in which all youth in all ages finds itself. Youth has no suicidal tendencies. It wants to live. It is, therefore, living. Let me assure those who look upon the youth of our country with terrible apprehension that future generations will arrive freer and freer. The world moves in spite of the old brains which refuse to march in the procession. I expect that twenty years hence some thousands of the most headlong children of this generation will be viewing with alarm the children of that generation. And so on and on and on."

But Thomas J. Lynch, Chief Justice of the Criminal Court in Chicago, is not so optimistic. He says:

"What can all the law enforcing agencies in the world do to check crime when young men are brought up in disrespect of the law? A few years ago men respected and feared the law. There was less crime then. Now they hold it in contempt and fear only detection of violations."

Jack Durand, the youthful foster son of Mrs. Scott Durand, who is not only wealthy but a leader in the society of Chicago, has gone to prison for robbing F. Edson White's home at Lake Forest. The night before they took him to jail Mrs. Durand gave him a beautiful dinner. She dismissed the servants for the occasion and, donning an apron, served the dinner herself.

The majority of us will agree that Mrs. Durand was not exceeding her rights—that what she did was her own business. Yet almost immediately came protests from people who called it lionizing a criminal—making a hero of him.

Chicago produces another example of how important people view those habits we deplore when practiced by our youth.

Two Chicago young women were walking home from high school. They were smoking cigarettes. Two men accosted them and became insulting. They called a policeman, who took the men to Judge Immenhausen's court. The girls told their story. Promptly the judge fined each of the men ten dollars and costs. Then he delivered himself of these words:

"Women have the right to smoke anytime and anywhere. I will not excuse these defendants because they felt privileged to speak to these girls who were smoking."

From Maryland, Kentucky, and New York comes the intelligence that among the other dissipations of the youngsters of those States is that of gambling. It is reported that thousands of boys and girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty are making daily bets on the horse races. Certain bookmakers, it is explained, are devoting much of their time to catering to the school children who make bets of twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and a dollar or more.

It is even told that children have been known to rob their parents to get betting money. Yet, even the most shocked admit that this is not the fault of the children. Their elders bet; why shouldn't the juniors? As in drinking, the children are merely following older example.

"I am an advocate of prohibition," says an Ohio clergyman. "Yet I know that this nation is not only drinking every drop of liquor it can get—particularly the younger generation—but they are drinking the vilest mixtures the world has ever tasted.

"Today we have high school girls and boys drinking hootch which would corrode a steel billet. Whether this will have its effect upon future generations I don't know. Certainly it will do our children's children no good. There were no such general practices in generations gone by. Why, I can't be sure. I do not believe—certainly I have no proof—that intrinsically and fundamentally we of the older generation were better in our youth than these children.

"Then why are they drinking? I am not sure enough of myself to answer. Whose fault is it? I know only this: it is not their fault."

Of one thing are we sure: the youth of the land is, as a group, running no wilder in New York, Chicago, or Detroit than it is in smaller communities, in spite of the larger opportunities the big towns offer.

IN a dozen cities of much less than major population Liberty's investigators report conditions which one of them (Omaha) describes as follows:

A big national convention came to the city and extensive plans were made for the young men and women delegates. Cabarets sprung up, and, as evidenced by a later grand jury indictment, an open bar was operated by dozens of bartenders. The tables were crowded with young women and their escorts. In the early morning hours the dress of a girl dancer was slightly torn while she and her partner were in the throes of a violent Charleston. The rip was enlarged by her companions, whose alcohol-stimulated minds saw in the act an amusing situation. Rip! And another girl's dress suffered a similar fate. In response to dares the girls slipped from their tattered gowns and continued the dance clad only in undergarments.

Canes appeared as by magic and spectators around the dance floor joined in the festivities, with the result that the girls were clad principally in shoes and stockings by the time attendants reached them with cloaks and hurried them from the room. The younger set laughed and called it a night.

The younger generation—is it really so wicked? It is, indeed, a difficult question to answer. Perhaps it is better not even to attempt to, but for us, their elders, to pause for a moment and reflect upon the old, old saying:

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behooves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Embarrassing Question

Jimmy's mother was expecting visitors, and promised Jimmy two cents if he would be a good boy. Jimmy kept it up as long as he could, but at last had to say to the visitors: "Do you think you will stay much longer?"—P. McK., St. Johns, Quebec.

* * *

It Doesn't Get Her Anywhere!

Rosemary had been staying with her grandparents for some time. She was permitted, one evening when there was company, to stay up till nine o'clock. There was, however, a definite understanding between her and her grandmother that when that hour arrived she was to bid the company good-night and go upstairs.

This she did, but next morning, on finding out just what the refreshments had been, looked rather glum. Grandmother, to cheer her, told her how the guests had spoken of what an obedient little girl she was.

"Yes," said Rosemary, crossly, "but I don't know as it gets you anywhere."—E. D. A., East Moline, Ill.

* * *

"His Master's Voice"

The long-talked-of, well-advertised phonograph had just been purchased. When it was delivered little Betty looked it over carefully, then in tears went flying to her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" she sobbed, "they forgot to send the dog!"—R. N. D., Castleford, Idaho.

* * *

He Wanted His Breakfast at Night

Everything would have gone along fine during Billie's first week at school had it not been that he found it so hard to get up in the morning early enough to thoroughly enjoy his breakfast. One night just before going to bed Billie came to his mother and asked:

"Mother, can't I eat my breakfast tonight so that I'll have enough time tomorrow to get to school early?"—R. H., Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

A Little Diplomat

Jeannie heard the neighbors say that they would like some sand for their chickens and offered to procure it. Her mother told her to be sure and not ask for any money and Jeannie promised not to do so. Upon her return she proudly exhibited twenty-five cents.

"Why, Jeannie," her mother exclaimed, "I told you not to ask for any money."

"I didn't, mother."

"Did you hint at it?"

"No, mother."

"Then what *did* you say?"

"Well, mother, I just said, 'That's quite a lot of sand and ought to be worth *something*.'"—A. B.-J., Vancouver, B. C.

What *Is the* SOUL? *The World's Oldest Unanswered Question*

How a Problem Which Has Been Perplexing Men Since Earliest Antiquity Has Been Revived in a New and Interesting Way by the Trial of an Aged Colorado Physician for the Murder of His Daughter

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

SINCE the dawn of intelligence the mind of man has harassed itself with the problem, "What Is the Soul?" In all likelihood it is the world's oldest unanswered question. Recently in the town of Littleton, which nestles in the foothills of the Colorado Rockies, a judge and jury, with learned counsel arrayed on either side of the case, attempted to fight out the ancient riddle.

Perhaps no case in recent years has attracted so much attention of a certain sort as did this murder trial of Dr. Harold Elmer Blazer. For, although the enigma of the soul has troubled mankind since the dimmest antiquity, Doctor Blazer's case was the first on record wherein the soul's existence was made a pointed issue before a court of law.

Doctor Blazer, more than sixty years old, a man of intense religious faith, a respected physician who had practiced medicine for many years, chloroformed his daughter. This daughter was thirty-four years old and a helpless imbecile. When five weeks old she had suffered an attack of meningitis which left her (or "it" as the defense termed her) helpless and blind, without a glimmer of intelligence, unable to lift a hand, to feed herself, or to move except in a spasm of agony.

For thirty-four years the physician-father nursed, waited upon, cared for, fed, bathed, and protected this being known as Hazel Blazer, devoting his whole life to her. Feeling himself aging, and dreading to die and leave her to the mercy of others, he killed her with chloroform and then tried to kill himself.

When Doctor Blazer was arrested, after he had been found in a dazed state of mind beside the body, he admitted he had killed his daughter. He said it was to end her sufferings. It was not murder, those who defended him declared, since having no mind, the victim could have no soul; and having neither mind nor soul, she could not be a human being within the meaning of the statutes. Later, on the witness stand, the aged doctor stated pathetically he believed in the immortality of the soul and that the soul is responsible for the deeds of the body.

The evidence showed that Hazel Blazer's only symptom of intelligence was something akin to an expression of pleasure at the sound of tearing paper. She could not indicate, save by muscular spasms, when she suffered. She could not move. She could not even masticate food. Her own sister, Mrs. Francis Bishop, referred to the poor creature as "it." Hazel was baptized in the Presbyterian Church, which was a pathetic recognition that at least her father believed a soul existed in the distorted frame. But if Hazel had no mind, had she a soul?

International Photo

Dr. Harold E. Blazer, who killed his imbecile daughter and then tried to end his own life. A jury refused to convict him of murder.

P. & A. Photo

Judge Samuel W. Johnson, before whom Doctor Blazer was tried at Littleton, Colorado.

The court declared that under the law the existence of the soul had no bearing on the case, and barred that issue from the evidence. But the question was raised again and again.

Great problems were in the minds of the jury: Did Doctor Blazer, in killing his imbecile daughter, free a soul imprisoned in a disease-wrecked body to enable it to live in some new and beautiful form? Or was the soul of the girl emancipated from the distorted body at the time disease had wrecked her human form? Did she, since she was stricken in babyhood when only five weeks old, ever possess a soul?

Finally the great question: Was it a violation of the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill" to end her suffering? Was it murder or mercy?

The judge warned the jury that it would be bad legal precedent to permit a man to take the life of a person who is unfit. For, where can the line be drawn?

THE jury was out for hours. First, it stood ten to two for acquittal. Then eleven to one. The majority was convinced that the aged doctor, his mind unbalanced by pity and sorrow, had acted in mercy. So there was a hung jury. When such a thing happens it usually means that there must be a retrial. But two days later the prosecuting attorney declared he would not press the indictment, and so Doctor Blazer is a free man. The prosecuting attorney felt that Doctor Blazer should not be punished, and was confident that public opinion agreed with him.

Thus ended in uncertainty the law's first effort to settle the oldest and deepest problem of the human race. The trial contributed no more than did Dr. H. J. Haiselden, when the latter refused in 1915 to perform an operation which would have prolonged the life of baby John Bollinger. Doctor Haiselden's conduct caused a great to-do throughout the country. He was the head of the staff of the German-American Hospital in Chicago.

"If the child grew up it would have been a hopeless cripple and subject to fits," the doctor said, in defense of his position, after he had become the target of a storm of criticism.

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"Would his soul have been alive?" he was asked.

"That I don't know," he said, "but the chances are against it."

Doctor Haiselden gave no reason to sustain his position. And one wonders what was in his mind.

Atheists, of course, deny the existence of a soul, agnostics question it, while the Christian faith affirms its existence. And it is odd that the history of man's quest for a true answer to this momentous mystery may be separated with seeming impartiality into three positions.

The fact that every people, in every land, in every age, have had practically the same conception of the soul is regarded among Christians as the best evidence of the soul's existence. But atheists argue that it means nothing except that man has ever been afraid of death.

THE fiction of the soul's existence, atheists say, was devised to relieve the human mind of the appalling reality that after the grave there is nothing. Between these two extremes stand the agnostics, committed neither to one side nor the other.

One theory, advanced by some philosophers, is that the secret of death and the future life once was known to men, and that these vague futile conceptions are the remnants of that knowledge, which was lost in what the Christians call Eden. The word "man" itself, a word of Indo-Germanic origin, means "mind" or "spirit."

It is also interesting to know that belief in the soul long antedated the Christian era. The ancient Egyptians, more than four thousand years ago, believed in it and regarded the heart as its dwelling place. So Egyptologists were not surprised when they examined the mummy of King Tut to find that the boy king's heart had been marked and preserved—so that his soul might re-enter it easily. This same belief crops out in many other curious and widely separated places. Hindus in India believed in it. So did the Samoyeds, who are Mongolian people somewhat like the Lapps, who dwell on the Arctic Coast of Russia and Siberia.

It is possible (but not highly probable) that these widely separated peoples may at some time have exchanged traditions, but how can we account, by the use of any similar theory, for the same belief among the Nicaraguans, a tribe of the wildest sort of savages which inhabited parts of Central America? And to what shall we attribute the belief in the soul which existed among the Sac and Fox Indians who, in Revolutionary times, roamed through Wisconsin, Illinois, and along the Mississippi Valley? And how shall we explain the same belief today among the Basutos, Negroes of South Africa, who are now subjects of the British Empire, but were not so long ago the fiercest of cannibals?

Prof. L. D. Arnett says that in all savage tribes, regardless of their geographical location, there is a strong belief in the persistent existence of the soul—which is, perhaps, the basis of our own belief in immortality. Even the lowest and most primitive tribes express this, according to their powers of imagination. For example, the dwarfs of the African jungles, probably the lowest form of human life, who speak only a clucking language, have an idea of the soul that resembles our own. They express it this way, "The little man inside." He directs their motions, enables them to think and act, and "the little man inside" lives after the body dies.

But here is something of an even more singular nature. The Ainus are a people who once populated Japan and the islands that surround it. They are Caucasians and not Mongolians like the Japanese, and today there are living only about twenty thousand of them. Their origin is surrounded, of course, in mystery. Yet these people had the idea that the soul was "the little man inside," when civilization discovered them. And they picture death as the stripping away of one body, leaving a second invisible body beneath.

Spiritualists of today number many persons of distinction. They hold to the belief that the soul sometimes can be seen. They conceive it as moving about, apart from the body, in a sort of invisible world. And sometimes they think mediums are able to bring souls back to earthly surroundings in a misty and vaporous form.

Singularly, this seems also to be a conception dating far, far back into the past. We observe in the language of savage tribes many words which seem to imply that they also conceive of the soul as something vaporous or shadowy. The Mohawk Indians used a word for soul which also meant "breath." While in the Algonquin language the word for soul likewise signified "shadow."

The Aztecs, highly civilized Indians who developed a vast empire in Mexico, and who were conquered by the Spanish explorer Cortez in 1519, described the soul as "ehehatl," which also signified wind and shadow. The shadow idea is also conveyed by the Zulu word for soul. And among the Papuans of New Guinea, soul is also translated as steam or fog. So, among more than one thousand tribes of men the same basic idea of soul obtains.

PARENTHETICALLY, it ought to be explained that the soul is a shadow, mist, cloud, or fog, and that is why so many primitive people have a superstitious objection to being photographed. They fear the camera catches their souls and imprisons them so that they may not return to their bodies. We may laugh at these simple, savage notions, but civilized people of a high order of intelligence are by no means agreed upon the subject.

Dr. Harry J. Haiselden of Chicago, who allowed baby John Bollinger, hopeless cripple, to die.

P. & A. Photo

Camille Flammarion, famous French astronomer and writer, who studied the soul for forty years.

P. & A. Photo

Prof. St. George Mivart, psychologist, who tried to reconcile scientific facts with religious doctrine.

Christian philosophy has taught for centuries that Man is two, and one. He is divisible into a soul and a body; but he is also a unity. The soul is the ultimate internal principle by which we think, feel, and will and by which our bodies are animated. The mind has to do only with our conscious states. The soul denotes the source of our life as well. It is not dependent on the body. After death the soul is capable of a separate existence.

The Mohammedans, of high mental culture, conceive of the soul much as Christians do. But there are other Mohammedans who do not believe a soul can be seen—that it is robed in white, or winged, or illuminated. To the Mohammedans Heaven is a place where a soul is rewarded, not with spiritual happiness, as in the Christian idea of Heaven, but with sensual delights. The Mohammedan Heaven is across a chasm over which there is a bridge, broad and easy for a Mohammedan. But if a Christian attempts to cross the bridge it shrinks until it is the breadth of a razor's edge and the Christian falls into the chasm, which is full of fire. And there he must burn eternally.

PROF. ST. GEORGE MIVART, one of the most erudite writers on the subject of the soul, strove to explain the soul to the satisfaction of the Darwinites and their opponents on the theory that the human body, after certain development through evolution, was rewarded with a divine soul. He says: "Man's animal body must have had a different source from that of the spiritual soul, owing to the distinctness of the two orders to which those two existences severally belong."

His theory fits well with Genesis: "God breathed and Man became a living soul."

Camille Flammarion, who tended strongly toward spiritualism, wrote three volumes and spent forty years in study of the soul. His method was to study persons at the moment of death and after death. He, too, rejected the idea of the physical resurrection and concluded life will continue (not be resumed) in a new and higher form.

It is useless to try to enumerate all the things that must be thought about the soul. The greatest philosophers and scholars of the world have cogitated upon it and yet the question, "What is the soul?" remains unanswered.

The spectacle of the old doctor on trial for his life because he murdered his imbecile daughter brings the whole matter again into sharp focus. Perhaps no solution ever will be found. Perhaps until the end of time man will be harassed by the riddle of its origin. But of this much we may be certain—each of us in his own mind, has the wish to believe in his soul's existence. None move forward to the grave except to hope that the grave is not the end. "I have a soul" is not only a Christian declaration of faith, it is the cry of human aspiration. It has been heard in every quarter of the globe, in every age, among peoples of all levels of intelligence.

Has Nature, in its fashioning of the human mind, played a cynical trick upon its children? Or is a great transcendent truth revealed to us in this strange way?

These are questions which everyone must answer for himself—including Doctor Blazer.

THE END

NOW and THEN

"Our first Christmas," she murmured, looking down at the slumbering creature. Dick's hand hung limply over the side.

A Sprightly Story of a Bride, a Christmas Present, and the Bygone Days at Yuletide

By

FRANK CONDON

Pictures by C. C. BEALL

PEOPLE with clear, limpid memories will have no trouble recalling the Christmas Day I refer to, because it was the last wet Christmas, wet in a spirituous sense, though the weather was fair and bright. If it happened you had wine with your English plum duff at this particular Christmas Day dinner, you were not thereby a degraded felon, as you would be now, if caught in the act.

It happened in New York City, where, no matter what the rest of the country says about it, Christmas was observed, celebrated, and welcomed with truer gusto and greater warmth than elsewhere. Nowadays the holiday comes to Gotham bringing a gentle ripple and a brief stoppage of ordinary affairs; but in those jolly days, when a New Yorker finished up the job of celebrating Xmas, as he called it, he knew that here was one thoroughly done job, a job that required no further doing by anyone.

It came on Sunday, the final Christmas, which meant that the Saturday before was indeed a busy day, filled with enterprises and high doings of a jolly character.

Too, it was Christmasy weather when Richard Shire left his home uptown, with the air full of fluttering snowflakes and a cold, hearty wind snapping across the Hudson, blowing foot passengers this way and that and flapping the whiskers of bogus Santa Clauses on street corners.

The saloons—yes, I said saloons—the saloons were wide open and roaring with trade.

East Side, West Side, all around the well-known town—out in Harlem, which leaned to beer; up in the Bronx, over on Staten Island, on the obscure side streets, on the boulevards, the avenues, under the elevated in dim thoroughfares — everywhere — the saloons were humming. The lamps were shining in their windows, cash registers were tinkling merrily, the nickel-plated decorations blazed with unwonted brilliance, and the front doors banged open and shut with the jolly clatter of Christmas trade.

Fat, smiling bartenders in a thousand bars simultaneously filled thousands of shining buckets with Christmas beer for the family. It was, everywhere, "Hello, Bill. Merry Christmas! Have one on me," from far out at Spuyten Duyvil, which is the uttermost northern tip of the town, clear down to Coney Island and, for all I know, out to Sandy Hook; and, as I said, true, genuine Christmas spirit ruled the population.

In particular, this bona fide Christmas spirit burgeoned and expanded within the bosom of Richard Shire as he departed from his home in West One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street at approximately one in the afternoon of Saturday, bound downtown to buy his wife the long-anticipated Christmas present. I said wife, but I really mean bride-wife, or, better still, girl-wife—girl-wife, that appealing word without which the newspapers would curl up and go into the fish business.

BEING an artist as yet unsung, Richard Shire naturally knew a great deal about New York's saloons and their quaint old customs at Christmas time, when the manner of cold barter was set aside and the business of cash profit forgotten. The long, shining bars, as Richard knew, would gleam more brightly than ever on this, the day of Christmas Eve.

The mirrors behind the white-coated barmen would be decorated with Yuletide mottoes, drawn in white soap by the fingers of unknown barroom Michelangelos; improving mottoes and likewise curly portraits of eagles, doves carrying streamers in their bills, swans with elongated legs, ducks, and a host of miscellaneous flora and fauna, all floating serenely

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[NOW AND THEN
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above the bottled goods and contributing to the gayety of the season.

The bars, Richard knew, would groan beneath a plenitude of provender, free to all, and tempting even to the New York eye. There would be glass dishes of celery, bathed in cracked ice; green olives, very fat, and stuffed olives, very red; fine baked hams; roasted turkeys and chickens, with the white meat carefully separated from the dark; dressing, called stuffing, and roast pigs, with their little pink backs decorated with arabesques and filigree effects of a most amazing character.

And, of course, there would be the regular, standard, all-year free lunch, now pushed a bit into the background and comprising the usual dill pickles, flinders of dried herring, cold roast beef on a platter, sliced ox tongue and onions tinged with pink, crackers, cheese in square blocks, bits of sliced peppers, and cold potato salad.

AS a poor young artist, Richard had the free lunch situation in New York at his fingertips before his marriage, and in times of financial grief he knew where a five-cent glass of beer would provide the makings of a meal. At the time he made drawings for a comic paper, so much per picture. Another man thought up jokes of the old He-and-She type, and Richard drew the accompanying picture; and, if you know about such things, you will understand that Mr. Shire did not take down each month the ransom of a queen. It was a struggle. One hundred dollars a month was a fair average, and two hundred called for celebration.

Richard, being young, struggling, and an arist making stray drawings for jokes in a magazine that has long since gone where all good magazines go when they die, naturally decided to get married.

This he settled in a moment of vigorous enthusiasm, sitting in a Sixth Avenue restaurant eating grilled beef bones and au gratin potatoes with endive salad and listening to the joyous, subdued roar of the elevated trains outside. . . . It was a rainy night in spring when Richard's mind leaped to matrimony. The rain and the wine settled it for him, and he rose from the table determined to set forth immediately and be married and to wait no longer for the day when he would be able fiscally and sanely to wed.

He paid his check, on this rainy night in spring, took a cab to Grand Central Station, and started west. Two days later he was married, according to the Michigan code, and the love story, of course, is a different tale.

The girl's name was Sylvia and for the preceding two years she and Richard knew that they would eventually be married. He had met her casually and accidentally on the bridge at Niagara Falls and had lightly scaled certain parental defenses. One of his reasons for wishing to marry the girl was that her name was Sylvia. So they were married and came at once to New York, in the early spring, again defeating Sylvia's parents, who were opposed to all men, but particularly to artists, whom they regarded as a shiftless breed. They took up their abode in a tiny furnished flat.

Being thus married in the spring, Dick Shire worked harder than ever with his pictures, building, though he little suspected it at the time, the foundations of the fame that was later on to make a figure of him. Money was appallingly scarce and two did not live as cheaply as one.

Always a convivial fellow and a lover of German beer, and when that was not to be had, any beer at all, Richard conducted himself with husbandly decorum. He did nothing to shock his young wife or bear out the mournful prophecies of her people. He was devoted to her and when he had money he stopped in the fish store and bought baby lobsters for his bride, because she was inordinately fond of them. And never for a single instant did Sylvia doubt that her husband was the greatest man in the world.

Back in Michigan, where she had gone to college and learned right living, her folks had warned her against Richard; had demonstrated to her that he was unquestionably a wastrel and more or less a rowdy, with no visible means of support.

"He drinks," said Sylvia's father, who never drank, and who never permitted anyone remotely connected with him to drink. "You can't fool me. He drinks."

Sylvia, of course, did not drink.

"And," added Sylvia's mother, significantly, "he's an artist. Pooh! That means he can't support himself, let alone a wife."

"Hm," said Sylvia. "When Richard is famous, I guess you will take back what you say. You don't know him. I do. He has a noble soul—and besides that, he is a genius."

"We don't want any geniuses in this family," said the parents, speaking together.

So Sylvia married him. Despite the ponderous and solemn advice of a multitude of relations, she set her people aside and gladly went along with young Richard, and as the weeks passed he proved that the croakers were merely croakers and not true prophets. He toiled steadily and even had his first cover page taken by a magazine, which is a turning point in the life of any young artist.

If he did take a drink now and then, it was sensibly and moderately, with nothing about it to cause distress to a new wife. Now Christmas was at hand, and though business had been very bad for weeks and weeks, Richard had prepared, and had built up a cash fund. He had dropped dollars and half dollars into the open mouth of a Chinese dog on the plate rail and the dog now held thirty dollars and some cents.

"MY darling and beloved wife," Dick said, toward noon on Saturday, having finished up a small drawing of a fat woman talking to a Fifth Avenue bus conductor, "I shall go downtown this afternoon and purchase your little Christmas present."

He was, at the instant, wearing Sylvia's gift, a jolly blue cravat, with white stripes.

"We're very poor, Richard," she replied. "You mustn't spend too much on my present."

Young wives often make this speech, but older wives have long since learned another lesson.

"Say," said Richard, drawing her to him and enfolding her in a bear hug, "if I spent a thousand dollars it wouldn't be anything, because you're the finest wife a man ever had. You're one lady in a million, and if I ever get rich you certainly will be the envy of all women."

To show you how sublime and perfect was Sylvia's faith in her young husband, and how complete her trust, it never even occurred to her to voice a warning word, to inform him with wifely solicitude, that it was a day of general rejoicing and wassail, and to watch his step.

She did not ask him to avoid the boys, to steer clear of the flowing bowl, and to be sure and come home for dinner. Instead, she kissed him a final time or two in the little hallway, and Dick hurried away with the thirty dollars, hurried into the subway and hurried out at Forty-second Street and Broadway, in those golden days the center of the universe. Nowadays, it is merely a hard corner to cross.

Richard strode briskly down the west side of Broadway, until he came to Moe McBeckle's window, where he slowed up, stopped, and smiled a radiant smile.

"There she is," he said, beaming.

There it was, too, safe and sound, and unsold, inside the plate glass window with the wire business to keep burglars off.

"There's certainly a nice Christmas gift," he said, and as he stared in the window other New Yorkers joined him, and stared too.

The gift lay upon a flat tray, in a flat box of sandalwood, and it consisted of a toilette set in several pieces—a brush with a silver back, a comb, nail file, nail buffer, shoehorn, powder puff, mirror, and a jar to contain powder. It was, in fact, a thoroughly complete set, beautiful and glossy, one that would be bound to warm any lady's heart, particularly when presented as a Christmas gift by an adoring husband.

It was a cream-colored set, not exactly ivory, but rather what the trade would term synthetic ivory, or, in plain words, imitation ivory, but nevertheless lovely and costing the sum of thirty dollars, as Richard knew and had known for two weeks. A genuine ivory set of such lavishness would have cost hundreds and perhaps thousands.

RICHARD stood still and surveyed his gift with a pleased smile. He glanced at a nearby clock and saw that it was still early in the afternoon. Bright-eyed Christmas shoppers scurried by him, kicking through the light film of snow, glancing cheerily about them and lugging their bundles with great good humor.

"I think," said Richard, looking down the street and seeing jolly faces everywhere, "I'll go over and wish the boys a Merry Christmas. I really ought to do that."

This impulse occurred to Richard in front of Moe McBeckle's Jewelry Bazaar on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, just a step from where the fur house used to be, with the melancholy stuffed bear in the window, leaning upon a crooked pole. "The boys" referred to Richard's cronies, comrades of an idle hour, old-timers to whom a man could and did tell his troubles; and, naturally, they would be found at this particular hour, on this particular day, in Jake Halbriter's Sample Room.

Jake's place was down on the corner of Thirty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue—a famous old institution and an honorable one—a landmark, almost, and as respectable as any saloon can be. It was guided to its very end by Jake's rigid, personal rule, which provided that any gentleman loading himself too heavily with liquid refreshment would be quietly sent home and could spend not another penny with Jake.

The Harbor was its softer name, there being a dim legend to the effect that Jake had been a seafaring man in his youth. It was a long, wide, bright, high-ceiled room, with two immense bars, and tables in the rear room, where many a problem of state was solved. There was a pool table, never used, except by young men shaking dice. A stuffed owl looked solemnly down from a shelf.

Over the larger bar was the head of a faded deer and from his antlers hung programs of old and famous events and such things as the first ticket sold to the Sullivan-Corbett fight in New Orleans. There was a barometer that never worked and a clock with a red hand to

mark the days of the month, also slightly out of order. Over the cash register was a full-rigged schooner in a glass case.

It was a short walk from Moe McBeckle's to Jake's Harbor and Richard made it quickly and was gratified by the shout of welcome as he entered the peaceful scene. Seven men he knew intimately greeted and wished him the season's blessings. Others he did not know so well grinned at him cheerily. He was pushed up against the shining mahogany. A colored slave brought him a platter of delicious foods and set it before him, foods to tickle the eye and stir the jaded palate, and, to cap the climax, the voice of Jake Halbriter boomed, saying:

"Boys ! This round is on the house."

It was, and Jake set before them the laughter of France, properly chilled and very interesting with its scarlet labels and meshes of fine wire.

"Merry Christmas to one and all," said Richard.

He raised his sparkling glass and sipped it slowly. Presently another gentleman bought a round of drinks. The faulty clock ticked diligently on and on, and about fourth drink time Richard slapped the bar several loud whacks with his open palm and announced that he, personally, without moving an inch from where he stood, would buy the gentlemen a Christmas drink.

He did so, throwing the thirty bucks into what Wall Street would call a falling market.

This round was had with the expected gusto and Dick declared that, painful as it was, he was now on his way, leaving his tried and true friends behind him.

"Gonna buy my wife a Christmas present," he affirmed, and they applauded him to a man, and said that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and a regular American husband of whom any wife should be proud.

II.

MR. MOE McBECKLE stared across his glass show case at Richard ten minutes later and shook his head slowly but firmly.

"No," he said distinctly. "The price of that set is thirty dollars. It's marked right on the ticket."

"I know it is," Dick replied, "and when I came downtown to buy it I had the thirty dollars. Only, at this precise instant, I seem to have the lesser sum of twenty-six dollars and twenty cents. That comes from buying the boys a round. It is Christmas, Mr. McBeckle, Christmas. Nobody should be quite so rigid at this season."

Mr. McBeckle stared gloomily into the snowy street, as though untouched by any anti-rigidity.

"You take the twenty-six dollars and twenty cents," Dick coaxed, "and I will take the set home to my beloved wife."

"It cost me more than that," responded the flinty merchant.

"You won't sell it to me?"

"For thirty dollars, yes; for less, no."

"Then," said Richard, "the deal is off. If you think your toilette set is the only Christmas present in New York, you are mistaken."

"Go back and borrow the difference," Moe suggested.

"I never borrow money on Christmas Eve,"

"Gonna buy my wife a Christmas present," he affirmed, and they applauded him to a man.

Dick said coldly. "I wish you a jolly holiday season, though you deserve less."

An instant later the young husband was back on Broadway, kicking through the snow.

"Now, what'll I get her?" he asked himself, and as there was no miraculous answer, he prowled from window to window, looking sharply at the glowing contents, but seeing nothing that lighted a mental spark. He slowly walked the length of the block, like a meditative policeman in an orderly town, making up tentative lists and discarding item after item, always hoping that his eye would fall upon some lovely object within a window.

"I think," said he, "I'll go back to Jake's and talk it over with the boys."

Having made this decision, and feeling much relieved in his mind, he repaired directly to Jake's, where the Christmas wassail was at its height.

"Good old Richard," they shouted, as he entered. "Here he comes with his wife's Christmas present."

"No," said Dick, taking the glass that was proffered him by Billy Miller of the Billy Miller Hat Company. "He wouldn't sell it to me."

He related the tragic financial details.

"Well, the dirty bum," they said, referring to Moe.

"So I can't buy that," said Dick.

"No, but you can buy her a nice wrist watch."

SUGGESTIONS then poured from the friendly group, and even Jake Halbriter gave from the depths of his experience. There was more eating of fine foods, more drinking of elegant wines, high-grade whiskies, beers, ales, porters, stouts, gins, vermouths, Bronxes, Manhattans, Toms and Jerries, rickies, champagnes, and other delectable fluids.

In passing I mention these faded names, feeling sure someone will remember some of them, and to show how Christmas and its famous spirit have slipped away from us beyond recall. Nowadays, the spirit comes from a bottle of cold buttermilk and a slab of angel food, but without doubt we are a better people than we used to be. We are less sinful and we buy more sedans and a better grade of underwear.

"Have one on me," Richard said, in the course of time, and one was had on him. The gayety grew apace. Songs were sung, toasts were offered, riddles were expounded and stories were told; sad stories, quaint stories, funny stories, Christmas stories; all sorts and conditions of fascinating anecdotes, and the laughter and applause proved they were all good stories, substantial little tales and worthy of the occasion.

Mr. Shire then formally departed, starting for a shop on Sixth Avenue, just north of Forty-third Street, run by a man named John Weaver, where the boys said it would be possible to purchase an ornate wrist watch at a reasonable price.

This proved to be a miscalculation. The man had a number of wrist watches, to be sure, but all of them cost more than the nineteen dollars and forty cents that now remained in Richard's vest pocket. He looked dismally through Mr. Weaver's glittering stock, beheld nothing that interested him, or would be suitable for a lovely bride-wife, or that fitted the nineteen dollars and forty cents, and walked out into the street.

"I'll go back and talk it over again," he said.

It was now eleven minutes after four in the afternoon. Last-hour shoppers were hurrying hither and yon in the last desperate bursts of delayed endeavor. Lights were twinkling in shop windows. Richard arrived at Jake's in

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time to hear the tail end of Fred Walton's famous story of how he had started in to thrash Terry McGovern in a Fourteenth Street saloon, and joined in the hearty laughter.

At five o'clock, with thirteen dollars and fifty cents, Richard journeyed forth into the chill afternoon to investigate a rumor that a silver mesh bag could be had in a Thirty-fourth Street shop. The silver bag rumor proved to be a myth. Richard returned once more to the warmth and hospitality of Jake's Harbor, joined again in the festivities, went out into the falling snow with nine dollars and thirty-five cents, and chased down another clew, a Christmas clew, which promised a necklace of jade for a young wife for seven fifty. There was nothing in this last rumor at all. In fact, Richard was unable even to find the designated shop, and he returned in some discouragement to headquarters.

TO make the situation more difficult, the hour was now growing late and shops were closing, or at least, some of them were. He visited several places, only to be greeted by locked doors and turned-out lights.

"Seems pretty nearly impossible to buy a Christmas present in this man's town," he informed the faithful friends at eight o'clock in the evening. "Heaven knows, I've tried hard enough."

And uptown, what was happening?

What was going on in the little flat wherein Sylvia, the spring bride, paced to and fro, trotting to the door at the slightest sound of footsteps, looking hard at the telephone, as though to make it ring by sheer concentration, wiping her eyes, forcing back the tears, and watching the things grow cold upon the dinner table?

It was quite the most terrifying evening in Sylvia's life, and when eight o'clock came and passed, with no word, she knew definitely that Richard had been killed by robbers, and his bleeding body thrown into the Hudson, where it would lie, tossed about by the waves and covered with seaweed forever more. Sylvia wept intermittently between seven and eight, but after eight she wept continuously. At nine she hurried out to the corner store and bought a newspaper, but there was nothing in it about a handsome young artist.

At nine o'clock, too, Richard's memory began to fail him, though he was surrounded by friends, who declared their friendship in no lukewarm terms. There is a little needle in the clockwork of the memory, which goes clicking along, marking down events so that its owner will have a mental record of everything; and when this needle fails to click, there is no record, nothing but a blank.

Mr. Shire spent the evening with the boys, searching spasmodically for a Christmas gift, and resting up between sallies for a fresh venture. The evening passed. Dick and his lads fared here and there about the great and interesting city of New York, meeting with like-minded strangers who were also celebrating the holiday in the good old English fashion.

Christmas calls were made, unexpected calls, unexpected to those who made them and to the recipients as well. Morning arrived, or at least the hours after midnight, which one may as well call morning. The gang became mellow and even more jolly. Richard likewise became mellow and jolly, too, but he never once forgot his mission, which was the purchase of a charming Christmas present for the dearest little wife in the world, whose former home was in Michigan.

When Mr. Shire suddenly came to, it was Christmas Day, and it was likewise Sunday morning, the time being eight o'clock and the day being beautiful, sunny, and Christmas beyond compare. Dick "came to," an old-fashioned way of putting it, somewhere on Tenth Avenue, a thoroughfare upon which, to his conscious knowledge, he had never before set foot in his life. And he came to all of a sudden, instantly, in a flash, you might say, like a man being thrown out of a window. One moment, he was walking along the street murkily, in a fog, seeing nothing, virtually unconscious, and the next instant, the needle in his memory clockwork began clicking again.

"I'd better be going home," he said, looking about in the sunshine, and discovering that he was really on Tenth Avenue. In his hand he bore, dangling from the end of a bit of wire, a bright green bottle of champagne, with a flashy pink label.

"Tears of the maidens of France," Richard said in surprise, coming to a full stop, holding the bottle aloft and examining it with profound interest. "My beautiful wife's Christmas present."

A group of sedate passers-by, consisting of father, mother, and children bound for church came along and looked at Richard, the younger ones in perplexity.

"What is the man doing?" asked the smallest child.

"Sh-h," said the mother, reaching for the child's hand. "You mustn't look at such wicked men."

"Meaning me?" Dick asked in astonishment.

Still later on the beautiful Sunday-Christmas morn, Richard approached his own domicile. He walked jauntily, almost briskly, although he was not a jaunty figure in the bright sun. He was, in truth, a rather disreputable sight, for the rigors of the night had left their mark upon him. He was wearing another man's cap, and it was a large, rather soiled cap, which might have belonged to a railway fireman. His hands were grimy, too, as though he had been coaling a vessel, and the pink label on the champagne bottle had worked itself loose and fluttered moistly in the morning breeze as Richard swung along toward his home.

THE Sunday morning churchgoers of the uptown district, a respectable, polite district, stared at him with chill disapproval. The beautiful ladies in their Christmas finery gave him quick offended glances, like one might give a fly in a wedding cake. The elegant gentlemen in frock coats, with their faintly striped trousers, silk hats, spats, canes, and irreproachable cravats—they merely glared at Richard, as they had a right to do, being superior and clean.

He intended to ring his own doorbell, but he had no time to do so, for the door was flung open and Richard staggered back as Sylvia flew at him, threw her arms about him, kissed him and all but strangled him in the joy of the moment.

"I thought you were dead," she cried, and when he protested that he was not dead at all, she merely repeated the statement, over and over. She presently drew him into the little green flat, walked all around him and looked at him as though expecting to see him vanish.

"I got it," he said, feebly, smiling at her. "Here's your little Christmas present."

He held up the rowdy bottle and his hand shook.

"Richard," said Sylvia, "you've been drinking."

"Yeh," he admitted, "but I got the present and here it is."

Again he indicated the champagne.

"You spent the whole night drinking," the young wife continued, unable to comprehend at first the vast enormity of such a fact.

"I suppose I must have," he said, sitting down. "I hope you weren't too much worried."

As any wife might have done, Sylvia put Richard to bed, removing his clothes with considerable difficulty because of the limp and astounding attitudes into which he fell. He immediately dropped into sleep, and the morning sun came creeping into the flat and peered around a corner at the youthful Sylvia, as though curious to know what she intended to do about such a tragedy and such a husband.

"Our first Christmas," she murmured, looking down at the slumbering creature. She pulled a chair to the side of the bed and sat down. Dick's hand hung limply over the side, a bit of wire from the bottle still clinging to his thumb. She removed the wire, took the hand and continued to hold it, and as the minutes rolled on, passing into hours, she sat patiently in the silence, holding his hand, looking at his unshaven countenance and thinking.

AT three o'clock Dick awakened from a sound and restful slumber.

"Where am I?" he demanded.

"You are at home, dear," said his wife, "in your own bed."

He drew a long breath and gazed at her.

"My little wife—my little bride," he said, raising himself upon an elbow. "Did—did I bring home your present?"

"You did."

"What—what was it?"

"A bottle of champagne with the label half off."

"Oh," said Dick.

"Yes," said Sylvia, "'Oh' is the correct word, at this moment."

Richard raised his right hand, though it trembled slightly.

"I will never do it again," he said. "I promise you upon my word of honor. Anyhow, it was an accident."

The young wife glanced at her husband and there was a warm, tender glow in her eyes.

"I made you some chicken broth, Richard," she said. "And some weak tea."

"Thanks," he said, and Sylvia hurried into the kitchen, brought the broth and fed it, spoon by spoon, to the invalid. Presently he drank a little tea, ate a cracker, and leaned back, seemingly stronger.

"Richard," said Sylvia, "there is one thing I want to know."

"Yes, dear."

"Do you love me, or not?"

"Do I? Of course I do, endlessly, deathlessly, forevermore."

"Then," said Sylvia. "That settles that. I believe you, Dick. First, I decided to go home to Michigan, but I shall not. I shall stay with you, Dick . . . And now you can tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"Where you were and what you did all of last night?"

Richard realized that the worst of the blow was over. The sky was clearing rapidly. He drew a long breath and started in to narrate the story of an accidental night—the same old story which has been told by married men the world over since time began.

"You see, Sylvia," he said. "It was like this. I started downtown on the subway."

"Yes," said the listener. "Go on."

So he went on.

THE END

Melodies and Memories

The Story of a Golden Voice and a Glorious Past

By MELBA

PART TEN

IT WAS only to be expected that when I returned to Australia after sixteen years there would be at least a few scandalmongers to spread their gossip about me. And now I want to set on record a tale which will, I believe, illustrate the way in which these rumors start, and may incline the credulous to deal a little more kindly with the reputations of their public men and women, of whose inner lives they know nothing but hearsay.

When I had completed my tour of Australia, I yielded, although I was longing for peace and quiet, to most urgent demands to pay a visit to Tasmania and New Zealand. A concert was fixed up in Tasmania, at Launceston, and a guarantee of a thousand pounds was made us by a Mr. Thompson, who at once began to make the necessary arrangements.

In those days, methods of communication between the mainland and the island were more primitive than they are now, and at the last moment I found that, in order to keep all my engagements, I should have to cross in the next available boat, which was a little paddle steamer. Never shall I forget the horror of that voyage. I am an exceptionally good sailor, but after an hour of tossing in that tiny boat, with towering waves drenching the decks with spray, I staggered down to my cabin.

For the rest of the voyage I was a prey to the worst horrors of seasickness. I need not elaborate the subject. Suffice it to say that when, eventually, we drew into Launceston Harbor, I was prostrated and my throat so torn and inflamed that I could hardly speak, let alone sing. Yet the concert was a few hours ahead.

In despair, I struggled up to my room at the hotel and sent for the doctor. The cords of my throat were bleeding profusely. When the doctor arrived, he made an examination of my throat, told me that it would be madness for me even to attempt to sing for several days, and gave me a certificate to that effect.

It now remained to inform the people of Launceston that the concert would not take place. Had there been time to do so, I should have ordered special bills to be printed, explaining the whole circumstances and regretting that, as it was necessary for me to catch the boat for New Zealand, I should have to leave the town before evening, to have a little rest.

However, I was not able to do this. The people of Launceston were simply informed that Madame Melba was not going to give the concert, and had left the town by the first train after her arrival. Why? What was the reason? What was the matter with her?

Dame Rumor quickly supplied the answer. You can guess the rest for yourself—the astounding stories that were told of my arrival, the legend that when I arrived at the hotel I called for a bottle of champagne and consumed it at one gulp. However, certain of the guests at the hotel described my arrival with additions which seemed to fit in with the malicious theory they had already concocted. The fact that a few disappointed and infuriated holders of tickets had come to hoot me as my train steamed out of Launceston Station was magnified until it seemed as though the whole city had turned out to execrate me.

In 1907 I decided that I would again take a sea voyage and visit Australia to see my father. I was particularly anxious to visit Launceston to make up for the disappointment I had previously caused them.

The rest of the story centers around Mr. Lemmone, my accompanist—or, as it is far more natural for me to call him, John. Providentially, my letter to him speaking of Tasmania arrived the day before he sailed for Launceston; for it contained a passage which,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Spencer Stier Photo

Melba as she appeared during her recent farewell tour of Australia —in costume as Marguerite in Faust.

© Bassano

The Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes, who took Melba in to dinner and sat silent throughout the meal.

Downey Photo

Baron Alfred de Rothschild, of whose week-end parties Melba tells in this installment.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

IN preceding installments of her memoirs Madame Melba told of her early life in Australia, how she studied with Madame Marchesi in Paris, and how in 1887 she started on her road to fame. After sixteen years in Europe and America, she returned for a visit to Australia, where she was given ovation after ovation. The only misfortune was her father's sudden illness; but he recovered, and her happiness was complete.

[MELBA'S MEMOIRS
Continued from Page Forty-one]

written with no ulterior motive, had the greatest effect in clearing my name. That passage read as follows:

By the way, when you are arranging for a concert in Launceston, do fix it to coincide with the big steamers. Last time I went I had to cross in a paddle boat, and I was so utterly prostrated that I could not sing. Please do this, for I would not disappoint them again for worlds!

Armed with this letter, John decided to go to the stronghold of prejudice, the local club, and attack the lion in his den. The scene that went on in that clubroom deserves to become historic. John stood facing the serried rows of self-satisfied faces around him.

"I hear that you're saying that if Madame Melba comes into this town she'll be hooted out of the place. May I ask why?" he asked quietly.

They started repeating the old allegations; how I had left Mr. Thompson in the lurch, how I had lost him a lot of money, how I had calmly broken an engagement because it pleased me to do so, or, worse, they hinted, because I was unable to do it, owing to the reasons I have hinted above.

John interrupted them in the middle of this discourse.

"You're too damned provincial in this place!" he cried. "You get up on your hind legs and you deliver a lot of abuse against the greatest woman that Australia's produced, and you don't know one word of what you're talking about. Now," he said, putting his hand on the arm of the ringleader of my critics, "I'm going to ask you some questions."

"Fire away," said the latter, a little uneasily.

"Are you aware," he said, "that Madame Melba compensated Mr. Thompson to the extent of four hundred pounds and all his expenses?"

There was silence.

"Are you also aware," he continued, "that Doctor Hogg, who is still in this town, gave Madame Melba a certificate to the effect that, after the prostration caused by her sea voyage, it would be highly dangerous for her even to attempt to sing a note?"

This also had escaped their attention.

"You don't know much, do you?" said John. "Well, I'll tell you something more." And he drew from his pocket my letter, which he read out. The words had an electrical effect.

"There," said John, when he had finished, "that's an honest letter, isn't it?" And he showed them the postmark.

"What d'you say to that?"

THEY scratched their heads and muttered among themselves. One of them admitted, with none too good a grace, that perhaps, after all, they might have been mistaken.

"Mistaken?" John cried. "I should think you were mistaken. I'm going right around to the editors of your newspaper and I'm going to give them this letter. And then we'll see how you talk about Madame Melba."

Tasmania saw that it had made a fool of itself, and was eager and impatient to make amends.

And make amends it did. When I stepped onto the platform at Launceston, in a hall packed to suffocation, with thousands who had not been able to obtain admission standing outside, a roar of cheers broke out.

At the end of the performance, all of the flowers of the island seemed to be heaped in front of me. They took the horses from my carriage and fought to draw me through the streets. And when, eventually, I arrived, tired out, at my hotel, the street was overflowing with a sea of faces.

I left off my narrative in Australia, the place being Melbourne, the date October, 1902. From Australia, I proceeded to New Zealand, and here, again, I was, in spite of many delightful days and charming people, to come in contact with a spirit of provincialism which at times made our tour anything but enjoyable.

Still, in spite of everything, they came to the concerts, and that was all I cared about.

The scene was now set for one of the most beautiful interludes in my life. All our concerts were over, and we—that is to say, John and I—set out for the hot lakes. I had heard much of their beauty, but I was not prepared for the uncanny magnificence which greeted us the moment we arrived at the little station of Rotorua.

It was dusk when we drove out of the station, and I noticed, all around me, a strange subdued hissing, as though hundreds of snakes were in the fields. I learned that this was the hissing of the steam eternally escaping from the volcanic regions beneath.

Even stranger was the heavy scent which charged every breath of air one inhaled, for the air was thick with sulphur fumes. It was as though one had, in a rash moment, descended into the crater of a volcano, and, indeed, there was little difference, for all around us were craters and boiling springs and seething mud.

At Rotorua there was at this time a famous woman guide who rejoiced in the name of Maggie Papakura. Now, Maggie, as soon as she knew that we were coming, had got busy

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to prepare for us a welcome, with the result that, long before we actually came, the name of Melba was on every Maori's lips.

I had not reckoned on the Maori sense of hospitality; for, as we came in sight of the hotel, there gathered around our carriage, mysteriously dark in the half-light, rows of dusky Maori faces. And I gathered from Maggie Papakura that the chiefs of every Maori tribe in the district had come out to pay me their respects. From behind the trees they came, silently regarding us, their spears in their hands, red flowers in their hair, war paint on their chests, the muscles of their arms and legs gleaming like satin in the flickering torch-light.

Then, suddenly, one of them leaped into the air and, in a piercing voice and with a shaking spear, ran toward me gabbling words which sounded like the most fearful curse that could fall on any human being.

I was terrified, and put my hand on the arm of the ubiquitous Maggie.

"What have I done?" I said. "Why is he so angry?"

"Be calm, Madame," came her soothing voice. "He is not angry. He is saying, 'Welcome, welcome, welcome.'"

I sighed with relief, only to start again as another chief sprang from the shadows.

"He is telling you," said Maggie, when he had finished, "that he is welcoming you as though you were the Queen of England."

And I realized, for not, perhaps, the first time, that royalty has its anxieties as well as its triumphs.

HAVE kings and queens some special gift of memory which is denied to ordinary mortals? I have often wondered if that is the case, but never so much as on the day when, arrived in London from Australia, I was summoned to see Queen Alexandra, and the first thing she said to me was:

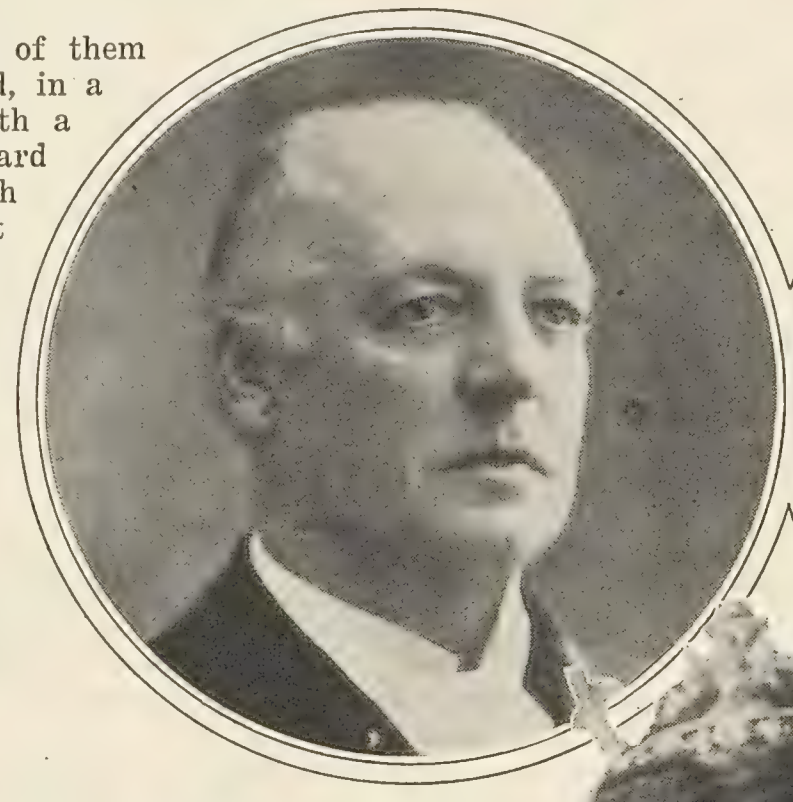
"And how is your father? We were all so sorry that your homecoming should have been so sad, and we have thought of you so much."

Others of my friends, true friends they were, too, had forgotten that poignant little episode at Albury; but Queen Alexandra had heard of it, and she had not forgotten. She knew the subject was nearest my heart, and she was the first person to ask me. I felt inclined to kiss her skirts.

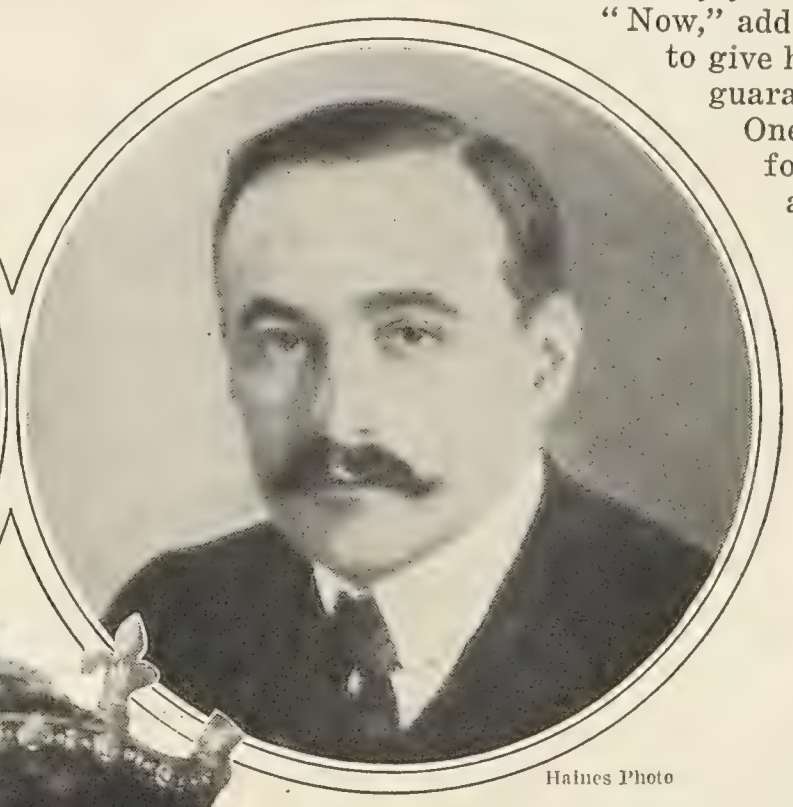
Among the most interesting friends whom I now met was Lord Marcus Beresford, whose brother Charlie had long been a friend of mine. I suppose that, beyond a sense of humor, we had nothing very much in common. His was a life led for sport, a life which had never known the struggles and tribulations which most men have endured. But Marcus, in spite of his good fortune, in spite of the fact that he always seemed to be on the sunny side of things, had a most unspoiled, almost childish, nature.

I was staying with Mrs. Hawf Williams, whose husband had been for many years the moving spirit of Sandown, and, as I had never been to Sandown in my life, and was, therefore, regarded as the novice of the party, Marcus was told off to look after me.

Now, quite frankly, racing rather bores me. Perhaps that is the reason why I have only once been to the Derby, and I shall probably never go again, for my memory of it is not too agreeable. Count Mensdorf, the Austrian ambassador, was my cavalier on this occasion, and I can think of few more unpleasant experiences than struggling through the crowd in the sweltering heat, being hustled here, there, and everywhere, and walking with infinite difficulty a quarter of a mile in half an hour, in order to get to Mr. D'Arcy's stand. And when we did get there, poor Count Mensdorf was in a terrible state, for his beautiful gold watch had been stolen in our passage.



Lord Charles Beresford, British Admiral. Melba tells how, on her last visit with him, he seemed to foretell his sudden death.



Haines Photo

Count Albert Mensdorf, formerly Austrian ambassador in London, whose watch was stolen when one year he escorted Melba to the Derby.

The late Dowager Queen Alexandra, mother of King George V. of Great Britain, of whose graciousness Melba tells in this installment.

However, I was perfectly willing, when we arrived at Sandown, to go off under Marcus' wing, and I was quite determined to have a flutter as well. And so, when we reached the paddock, I eagerly scanned the race card which he gave me.

Suddenly, to my surprise and delight, in the long list of fantastic names of the horses, I saw one that was very familiar, indeed—Caruso.

"Well," I said to Marcus, "I should feel I wasn't being friendly to Caruso if I didn't place a bet on that horse."

Marcus looked at me with an expression almost of pity on his face.

"Caruso?" he said. "Don't be an ass. Caruso is an absolute outsider. You'll lose your money."

However, I insisted, and so, eventually, he had to give way, and he hurried on ahead, through the crowd, to a little group of bookies.

"Now, look here," he said. "This is Madame Melba, and she has never been here before. She wishes to back Caruso." Here there was a look of blissful joy on the bookies' faces.

"Now," added Marcus, "you've got to give her a hundred to one. I guarantee he won't win."

One of the bookies came forward, removed his hat, and bowed low, saying that he would be delighted to take my bet. And so I made it.

Marcus turned to me. "Well, are you satisfied now?"

"Quite," I replied.

"Very well, then. You'd better come and see Caruso in the flesh."

HE steered me through the crowd, toward the paddock. There, in the middle of the field, was a strange-looking, lanky animal with large black blinkers over his eyes, that was kicking out in all directions and generally causing the greatest commotion.

"What an awful beast!" I exclaimed. "Don't tell me that that is Caruso."

"It certainly is Caruso," said Marcus. "You said you were satisfied."

"And so I am," I replied bravely.

I went back to the stand holding my head high, to witness the utter defeat of Caruso. In fact, I am not sure that you could call it a defeat, for I believe that after a few high kicks he bolted in a direction different from that in which his fellows were going.

However, a few months afterward, when I had forgotten the whole incident, I received a wire from Marcus saying:

"Caruso won yesterday. Don't you wish you had backed the brute?"

I shall never forget the last time that I saw Charles Beresford. It was at a farewell lunch which he and Lady Charles gave to me as a farewell before I went abroad. He never had seemed better or in higher spirits; but when it was over and when I had to go, he took me into his study and as we were saying good-by he bent over me and said:

"Kiss me, little woman. One never knows."

He looked over my shoulder, and a strange light seemed to come into his eyes. "One never knows," he repeated, and that was all.

I had been away hardly a week when, to the grief of countless of his friends, Charlie Beresford died suddenly in the night.

Certainly no man I have ever met has been in the least like Alfred de Rothschild. Alfred has figured in countless memoirs, but I don't think anybody has yet paid adequate tribute to the predominant trait in his character, which was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MELBA'S MEMOIRS
Continued from Page Forty-three]

his generosity. A friend of mine once said to me, "I wonder how many women in London would be having wax fruit on their tables if it weren't for Alfred?"

She was thinking of the manifold raids which he used to make on his hothouses at Halton in order to supply some hostess or other with an adequate stock of fruit for her parties. I am afraid that Alfred must have received a great many broad hints from some of his friends.

One of Alfred's favorite gifts was an immense chocolate cake, in the making of which confection his chef was supposed to be supreme.

Staying at Halton, Alfred's great big typically Rothschild house in the country, was at once extremely luxurious and extremely uncomfortable. We would go down for week-ends, taking a special train on Saturday; and, although everything seemed to be done for our comfort, I myself should have arranged much of the program in a different manner, had I had the chance.

One of the main disadvantages—to me, at any rate—was the fact that we never dined until nine-thirty, sometimes even at twenty minutes to ten. It is true that we never had tea until six, but it seems to be part of human nature to be hungry about half past eight. That, at least, was how many of us felt, and I wonder how many of Alfred's guests who, like myself, had dressed too early, would while away the extra half hour by discreetly repairing to his or her bedroom to munch a dry biscuit or two. In fact, it became quite a common thing for those who were going to Alfred de Rothschild's to take down a little extra nourishment to fill in the gaps.

One of the most fascinating things at Halton was Alfred's little circus, in which he collected various animals from all quarters of the world. It was his whim that we should inspect this circus every day, and he very much objected to any of us walking. And so he had built a little fleet of tiny pony carriages able to accommodate only one passenger besides the groom.

As soon as Alfred was inspecting his little circus he could think of nothing else; for he thought that all the animals knew and loved him because they followed him about like dogs. I don't think anybody had the heart to point out to him that possibly some of their love was of the cupboard variety and was due to the fact that his pockets were always full of sugar and apples and carrots.

WHILE I am writing of Alfred, I cannot help recalling an incident which occurred when we were watching Die Walkuere together at Covent Garden. In accordance with his usual custom, he was sitting in the back of the box, and I was so greatly absorbed in the music that I had almost forgotten his existence. Suddenly, however, I was rudely reminded of it by a strange noise, which, whatever it might have been, was certainly not Wagner. It seemed to come from behind me, and, looking around, I saw that it came from Alfred. His mouth was wide open, and from it was coming a series of powerful snores.

I had turned around before he woke up. He blinked, leaned forward, and then said, with great dignity, "What key are they playing in?"

I told him I was not sure, but that he had certainly been snoring in a different one.

Still, in spite of these minor eccentricities, Alfred was a wonderful host, and had a gift of surrounding himself with charming people, and everybody behaved under his roof as though they had known each other all their lives.

Yes, Alfred adored his celebrities. And he was never happier than when he was bringing together two people who had not hitherto made one another's acquaintance.

I had long wanted to meet Cecil Rhodes, and perhaps Alfred knew of this. He rang me up one day and told me that Cecil Rhodes was dining with him that night and that, if I would come, too, he would take me in to dinner. Knowing that Rhodes' visits to London were as erratic and as brief as lightning, I put off another engagement and accepted the invitation.

When I arrived at Seamore Place, Rhodes was led up to me by Alfred, rather in the manner of a wild lion which has at last been brought to bay by a very diminutive Samson. He said a few conventional words to me and then, much to my disappointment, relapsed into silence. This silence lasted while we were going in to dinner, and when, after at least two courses, I found that he still remained mute, I became so bored that I turned to my neighbor and gave Rhodes up as a bad job.

Suddenly, without warning, a deep voice thundered in my ear. It was Cecil Rhodes waking up from his reverie.

"Madame Melba, which is it that appeals to you most—the art or the applause?"

"How dare you ask me such a question?" I said. The question, in any case, would have struck me as odd, but coming as it did, after this long silence, it was positively extraordinary.

He partly turned away, and I could hear him mumbling to himself, "I was wrong; yes, I was wrong." I did not attempt to ask him in what way he was wrong. Although I was intensely interested to see what he would say

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"BEE'S KNEES"

by HENRY F. PRINGLE

in next week's 5c Liberty A Weekly for Everybody *At All Newsdealers*

next, I was determined not to give him any encouragement.

Then he turned to me quickly and, with his hand up to his mouth, said, in a loud whisper, "I apologize. After all, it's the *power* that we like—the power!"

And there was the light of domination in his eyes.

I wonder if the younger generation of today, who go through London's great hotels, taking for granted their perfect cuisine, their absolute cleanliness, and their charming decoration, realize that they owe all this luxury to a thin, silent Swiss with dark, close-cropped hair who appeared in London in the twilight of the *fin de siècle* and who was called Ritz.

Ritz ought to have a monument to him in one of the public squares of London, and underneath, as a motto, there might be written, "He made us comfortable."

For Ritz revolutionized London hotels. To think of them as they used to be is like recalling a bad dream. The cooking was execrable, the carpets were dirty, the linen was medieval, the service was an insult.

I REMEMBER, for example, giving a very important supper at a hotel whose name may be left to the obscurity it deserves. I say "important" because a certain great person was there who had very decided opinions on what he liked. After half an hour of indifferent food the lights went out, and we ate half cold entrees by candlelight—a depressing occupation. After this fiasco I left this hotel and took rooms, for the first time, in the Savoy, a smaller edition of the present hotel and one which was in every way up to the modern standard. And I felt, after my previous experiences, as though I had landed in Paradise.

Having proved his worth, Ritz spread his wings, became a little less thin, wore a diamond tie pin, and opened the doors of the Carlton Hotel to a delighted London. His next venture was the Ritz in Paris, of which I was one of the very first clients. Soon he had a whole chain of hotels, all of unvarying excellence.

But success turned his head. He grew bloated. He lost his keen sense of responsibility, and, though things were still done beautifully, it was not he who saw to them as of old. Somebody said to me, "I think Ritz is losing his head. He's grown terribly fat and he says the most extraordinary things."

And soon afterwards we heard an amazing story which confirmed our worst suspicions. I believe it has never been printed, so I will give it here.

One day Ritz was informed that in a week's time the Prince of Wales was going to honor him by dining at one of his hotels. At once he drove to a big firm in Regent Street, entered the shop, called for the manager, and said:

"The Prince of Wales is dining with me next week. I want a very fine set of gold plate for the occasion."

Arrangements were made and estimate approved, and the manager thought the business was completed. But Ritz continued to walk round the shop, looking with a wild eye at things that came his way.

"And, of course," he suddenly added, "everything else in the room must be gold, too."

The little group of salesmen looked at him in astonishment.

"Everything else?" they said.

"Certainly. I must have gold carpets, gold furniture, gold curtains—all solid gold. See to it." And he turned on his heel and vanished from the shop.

I never heard if he obtained his gold carpets, but I heard shortly afterwards that he was very ill, having jumped into a boiling bath and almost scalded himself to death.

The Savoy, then as now, was an ideal place for giving supper parties after the opera. I remember a party I gave there after the first night of Aida, when I sat down in costume.

I don't particularly like the idea of make-up still on, but I feel that with Aida one might make an exception, for if I had begun to remove the black my guests would have been waiting a very long time indeed. It was a penance, that make-up for Aida, and, though I adored the music, it was largely because of the make-up that I ceased to sing the role. If I had been less conscientious I suppose I could have worn gloves, as I have sometimes seen done. But I could not bring myself to that.

Yes, I suppose, to return to Ritz, that we may regard him, from the point of view of the epicure, as the herald of a new era in the history of civilization as we know it. However, his rise coincided with the rise of a great many other new tendencies not nearly so agreeable.

One of the troubles that confront a celebrity in the twentieth century is that, though he or she may have the highest ideals of his art, the loftiest conception of his calling, his name may at any moment be vulgarized by the uses of advertisement.

It was not so in the old days. Michelangelo did not have to shudder at seeing his name on, for example, a tin of boot polish. There were not such things as "Shakespeare Cigarettes" or "Byron Bootlaces," and even the great singers of the past—Patti, for example, or Jenny Lind—lived in an age when, as yet, their names were known for their singing only and not for their patronage of cold cream or anti-nerve tonic.

And here, if I may, I should like to meet in advance a criticism which probably occurred to you. "How," you may say, "can Melba talk like this when she herself has allowed her name to be associated with so mundane a thing as a sweet? How can she condemn modern advertising when Peche Melba figures on every menu in almost every restaurant all over the world?"

The criticism is a plausible one, and so let me tell you the story of the peaches.

I was lunching alone in a little room upstairs at the Savoy Hotel on one of those glorious mornings in early spring when London is the nearest approach to Paradise that most of us ever attain. I was particularly hungry and I was given a most excellent luncheon. Toward the end of it there arrived a little silver dish which was uncovered before me with a message that Mr. Escoffier had prepared it specially for me. And, much as Eve tasted the first apple, I tasted the first Peche Melba in the world.

"It's delicious," I said. "Ask Mr. Escoffier what it is called."

WORD came back that it had no name, but that Mr. Escoffier would be honored if he might call it Peche Melba. I said that he might with the greatest pleasure, and thought no more about it. But soon afterwards Peche Melba was the rage of London.

Escoffier is an artist in his own materials if ever there was one. I once tried to calculate exactly how much he would have made had he charged a royalty of one penny on every dozen Peches Melba that were consumed, but I gave it up when I realized that it would total many millions of pounds. And not only was he the originator of Peche Melba but of Poire Melba, Fraises Melba, and all the other dishes that followed in its train.

I have told this story in full because I am always receiving messages from chefs in hotels all over the world that they were the originators of Peche Melba. Whether they think that my memory is particularly short or whether they imagine I am merely a fool I don't know, but I have had quite fierce arguments about it.

However, although I have no objection to Peche Melba, I have the strongest objection to my name being calmly taken for any object which the proprietor considers suitable, from scent to hairpins. America is particularly prone to this sort of piracy. I was wandering down a street in New York one day when I suddenly stopped short before an immense drug store across the windows of which were splashed glaring advertisements of a preparation called Melba.

I HUMBLY asked the druggist's assistant who had given them permission to call this "creation" Melba.

"Oh, that's all right," drawled the assistant. "We've found out her name is Mrs. Armstrong, and we've just as much right to call this stuff Melba as she has."

"I'm Madame Melba," I said, quietly. "I think you might have asked my permission."

The assistant shrugged his shoulders. "It ain't necessary, Madame," was his only reply.

I expressed my opinion of his methods fairly freely and left the shop a baffled woman. But I very soon made sure that the incident did not repeat itself by patenting my name throughout the United States.

But there—I suppose nearly every celebrity has suffered similarly, and, considering everything, I do not think I have come off so badly. As a matter of fact, the only famous musical name that I can recall as being unassociated with any popular scent, cigarette, soap, or what not is Paderewski. Probably the kings of commerce felt that a Paderewski polish would defeat its own ends.

Speaking of Paderewski makes me think of Quarrywood Cottage, the little house which I took for the season of 1904 at Marlow and where he would sometimes come down to visit me.

It was an ideal place for entertaining—the shadowed lawn that stretched to the river, the cool rooms where one could sup after the opera, the little launch—by name, Mimi—that was always waiting to take us up stream into the green reaches of the Thames.

The first time that Paderewski came down to Quarrywood I had arranged that as soon as he arrived we should go on the river. But, to my consternation, he was dressed in an immaculate frock coat and a top hat which seemed firmly attached to his head. It seemed to me that his hat dominated the whole view, and, as I feared, the small boys made it a target of all their choicest epithets.

"'Ullo, long 'air!" they shouted.

"Where'd you get that 'at?"

Naturally we made a pretense of not noticing this unchivalrous behavior of England's youth and talked feverishly at each outburst. But suddenly Paderewski turned to me, took off his hat, and with a gentle smile said:

"Perhaps, after all, I should have worn something a little more rustic!"

I need hardly say that it didn't matter to me what Paderewski wore. I should be perfectly content to go out with him even if he chose to wear a fireman's helmet. I was only considering his own feelings.

In the next installment of her memoirs, to appear next week, Melba tells of her enlistment under Oscar Hammerstein's banner in his battle for New York operatic honors with the Metropolitan Opera House Company.

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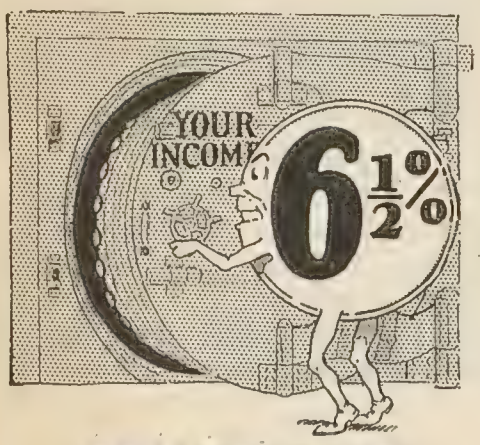

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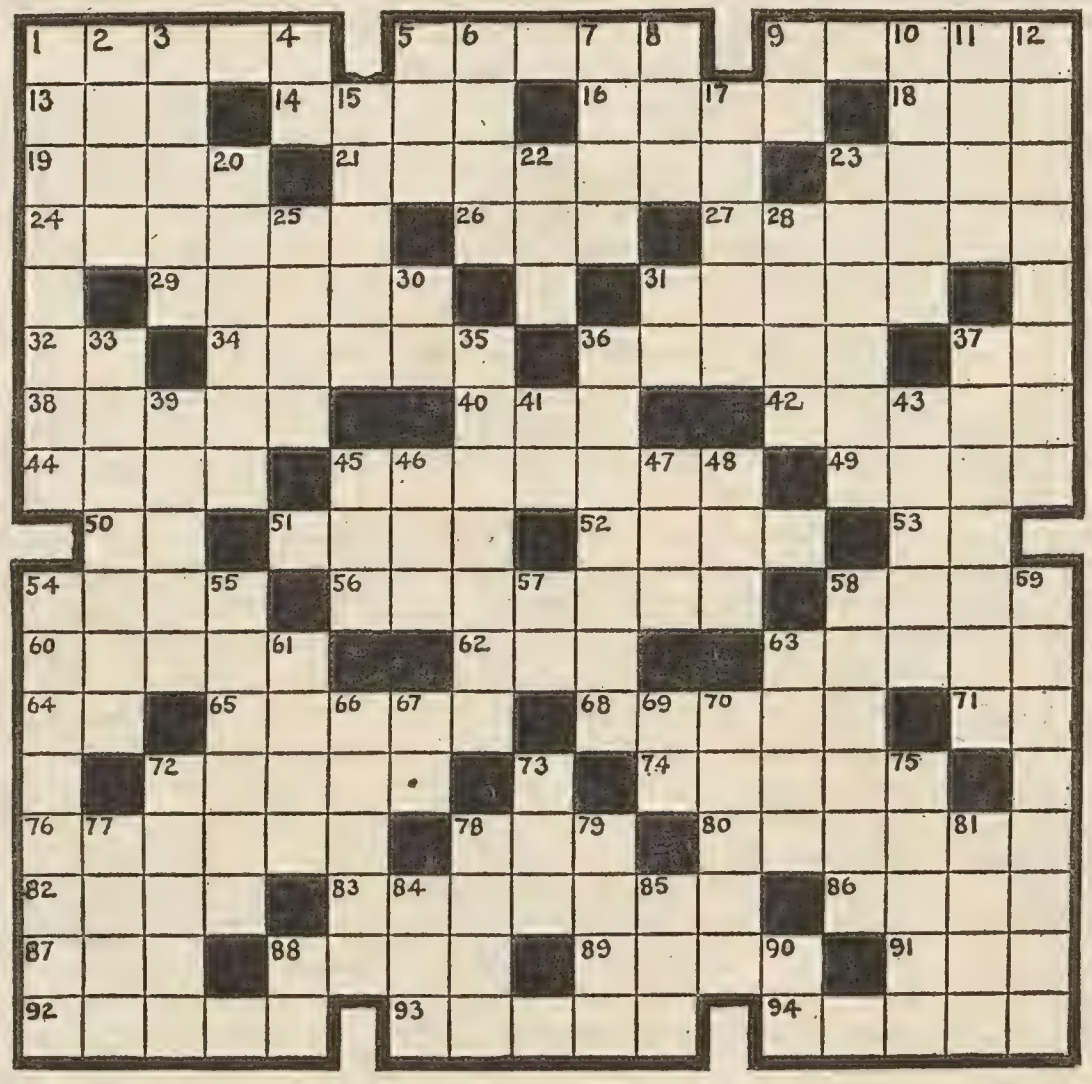
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle
No. 48

HAVE you a walking dictionary in your home? If you have, chain him to the arm of your chair while you solve this cross-word puzzle. There are some words in it that might stump old Noah Webster himself.

Astronomers tell us that the word for Vertical Seventeen—"nebulous mass surrounding the nucleus of a comet (plural)"—is "comæ." Try it in your cross-word puzzle, and see if they're right.

There will be another cross-word puzzle in next week's Liberty.

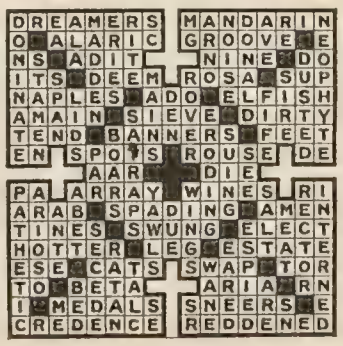


HORIZONTAL

1 Those things which disguise or conceal
5 A symbol used by American Indians in their religion
9 To make into a law
13 A god of war and pestilence in Babylonian mythology
14 Plate or face of an instrument used as an indicator
16 An occurrence whose reality may be inferred with certainty
18 To obstruct
19 A deposit of mud in water
21 Person of mixed Caucasian and Negro blood
23 A city in Latvia
24 Governor of a province in ancient Syria
26 Equine quadruped
27 Unmarried girl or woman
29 Witless
31 The Pine Tree State
32 Abbreviation for every one of a number
34 One who is reimbursed for services or goods
36 Prophets
37 Supposing that
38 Exterior coverings of certain seeds
40 One circuit around a race track
42 Meaning
44 Bird of the hawk family
45 Civility
49 Held in affection
50 A Japanese measure of area
51 To haul
52 A combat
53 For example
54 Darkens
56 A three-pronged spear
58 That on which affections are strongly set
60 Attack
62 The poetic form of always
63 The author of Home, Sweet Home
64 Giant king of Bashan
65 A flowering water plant
68 Thrum
71 Specific gravity (abbr.)
72 Scents
74 Fleshy tubers
76 An impact
78 Yellow ochre
80 Flexible
82 Number of persons associated together in any work
83 Inform
86 Member of a tribe of Algonquin Indians
87 Employ as food
88 Mental impression
89 Demeanor
91 To freeze
92 A fold of cloth
93 Fragrant oil obtained from flowers
94 Undertakings

VERTICAL

1 Pronounce incorrectly
2 Melody
3 Preserves in brine
4 One of the United States (initials)
5 A letter of the Greek alphabet
6 Pot or jar used in Spain and Spanish America
7 A lizardlike animal (plu.)
8 Tangle
9 The Latin and French for "and"
10 To continue in a place
11 To shut up or confine
12 The removal of a thing from one place to another
15 To express indirectly
17 Nebulous mass surrounding the nucleus of a comet (plural)
20 Threefold
22 Mother of the titular character of an Ibsen poem
23 Washed lightly
25 Exclamation expressive of sorrow
28 Displays ostentatiously, as an opinion
30 Old method of printing "the"
31 Personal pronoun
33 Going from a lower to a higher position
35 Mournful poems
36 Iron frying pan with a long handle (plural)
37 Figures having equal angles
39 Separate particulars in an account
41 One, indefinitely of a number
43 Indigent
45 Human ingenuity
46 Deface
47 Large cask
48 Eventually
54 One of several steps from a door to the ground
55 Infrequently
57 Prefix with the sense of "away"
58 A form of verse
59 Those to whom legacies are bequeathed
61 Assumed possession
63 Drag
66 Step
67 We
69 Chemical abbreviation for terbium
70 An East Indian coin
72 To discourse at length
73 A tree
75 Garments worn by Hindu women
77 Species of duck
78 Unimportant quarrel
79 A kind of bean
81 An upper part of a garment
84 An edible seed
85 A title of respect
88 pronoun
90 The latter part of the Scriptures (initials)



Answer to Puzzle No. 47

Read

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NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

Speaker of the House of Representatives

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FREE SPEECH

A Protest Against the Practice of Trying to Control Opinions by Law

By WILLIAM E. BORAH

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IDAHO

WAR is the most prolific source of arbitrary power, and therefore the great enemy of free speech. Arbitrary power and free speech cannot live together. During the World War the provision of the Constitution, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," was disregarded. The Congress and the courts refused to be bound by it.

To discuss the causes of the war as we now know them to have been, to discuss profiteering, or unwise bond issues, or taxation, or any subject of deep concern, if the discussion did not harmonize with the course of the government, was criminal, and men were punished for doing these things.

A moving picture producer who produced a scene of the American Revolution wherein British soldiers were dressed as Indians attacking the inhabitants, was imprisoned because the judge thought it might dampen our devotion to Great Britain.

But that record is made, those precedents have been established, and there is little use in complaining, because war always makes its own harsh and arbitrary rules and establishes its terrible and tyrannical precedents. The only thing we can do is to exert our utmost effort to prevent war and to seek, in time of peace, to disown and repudiate the precedents of war.

No more serious duty rests upon a people who would maintain free institutions than to see that the precedents of war are not carried over into the precedents of peace. Militarism, arbitrary power, intolerance, with their vicious brood of attending evils, seek persistently to carry the rules of war into the rules of peace. There are some people who sympathize with that policy.

Since the "evolution trial" in Tennessee I have received many letters from people who seemed to believe it to be the duty of the government to punish those who would question in any way the generally accepted teachings of Christianity.

One of these letters I answered. The author, apparently a gentleman of sincerity and culture, contended it was the duty of the government to make it an offense for men to speak against the inspiration of the Bible or the divinity of Christ. His reason was to the effect that the government must regard as its enemies those who would teach doctrines which would undermine the faith of the people and destroy the character of its youth. He said in substance: Why punish communists, who reject all religions, and not punish those who would undermine and destroy the Christian religion?

To him I replied as follows, in part:

"I do not take issue with you upon the worth of Christianity, even if we view it in no higher light than as it enters into the formation of character and the building of citizenship. But I wholly differ with you in your theory that in order to maintain it it must be by law protected from criticism or assault—that in order to preserve the Christian belief all inquiry must be shut off and all criticism denied.

"No more fatuous chimera ever infested the brain of man than that you can control opinions by law or direct beliefs by statute, and no more pernicious sentiment ever tormented the human heart than the barbarous desire to do so.

"The field of inquiry should remain open, and the right of debate must be regarded as a sacred right. I do not speak personally, and therefore I trust not offensively, when I say that whether in religion or in politics, touching things divine or things earthly, I look upon those who would deny others the right to urge and argue their proposition, however irksome or pernicious they may seem, as intellectual and moral cowards.

"The men who build up and maintain great religions and the men who build and maintain free governments are not afraid of the open arena. Hence, the fathers, wisest and bravest of builders, said:

"'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.'

"A religion or a government which cannot survive under the principle established in that great amendment, be assured, cannot long be preserved by a denial of the principle."

Neither do I find fault with the vigilance or criticize the devotion of those who watchfully resent things written or spoken in derogation of our government or which may be thought menacing to our institutions.

We have brought together here, under one great system of government, liberty and order, personal initiative and national power; and no higher proof of good citizenship can be found than zeal for the maintenance of this system. But free speech, free press, the right to assemble peaceably, were indispensable in the fram-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Senator Borah at his desk in Washington. Kadel & Herbert Photo

EDITOR'S NOTE

RECENTLY Shapurji Saklatvala was barred from this country on the ground that he was a communist and would be a dangerous influence. Count Karolyi was permitted to enter the country on the condition that he would make no speeches. It was lately announced that Countess Karolyi was barred. In all these instances Senator Borah has vigorously favored free speech as a fundamental of democratic government. This article by him on the subject, therefore, is of vital interest.

The President and Senator Borah have had differences of opinion on many subjects. It may be noted that in this article Senator Borah quotes the President to support his argument.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

ing of the government, and they are vital and indispensable to its perpetuity. Instead of free speech being a menace, as we are disposed apparently to think at times, it is our only safeguard.

Our institutions must and, in my opinion, can stand the test of experience; they must and, in my opinion, can undergo without impairment the scrutiny, even the scourge, of every delusion, or mad scheme, which the restless and discontented may advance. But they cannot survive the denial of free speech, the destruction of a free press, or the refusal to permit the people to assemble and present their views or grievances.

These principles, with the other guaranties of the Constitution, are indispensable to the maintenance of our government. We cannot expect in these times of ceaseless inquiry and intellectual turmoil, when the very foundations of human belief are assailed, that our form of government, our political creed, will escape inquiry as to their worth and their efficiency. But we are not going to get excited and tear down our own structure and trample upon our own principles in the false belief that we are at once annihilating the enemy.

THE fascist leaders denounce liberty as a delusion, a thing of the past, and deny all those who take issue with them the right of speech or of the press. The communists strike at the very foundation of orderly liberty, but in another way, though the fascists and communists reach the same goal ultimately, and they also deny free speech and free press to those who take issue with them.

We take issue with both, and yet there are those who would thoughtlessly accept their practices and adopt their methods and deny free speech and a free press to those who preach their doctrines.

The fascists excluded from their country a reputable representative of a great American newspaper because he was writing things deemed injurious to the government. We excluded from this country a communist because it was believed he would likely speak in behalf of his faith, thereby working injury to our government and to our people. In other words, both feared the people might be induced to accept beliefs inimical to existing order.

I do not myself believe it necessary in defending American institutions and American principles to adopt the instruments of warfare of either the fascists or the communists. We shall fare better in the final results if we fight it out in the integrity of the principles which the framers incorporated in the Constitution.

I would many times rather meet those who openly challenge our institutions and offer some other plan in lieu of ours than to have engrafted on our system a practice which is at war with every principle upon which our government rests. It seems to me to betray a lack of faith in the worth of the principles which we profess, and in the intelligence and character of the people who must sustain those principles.

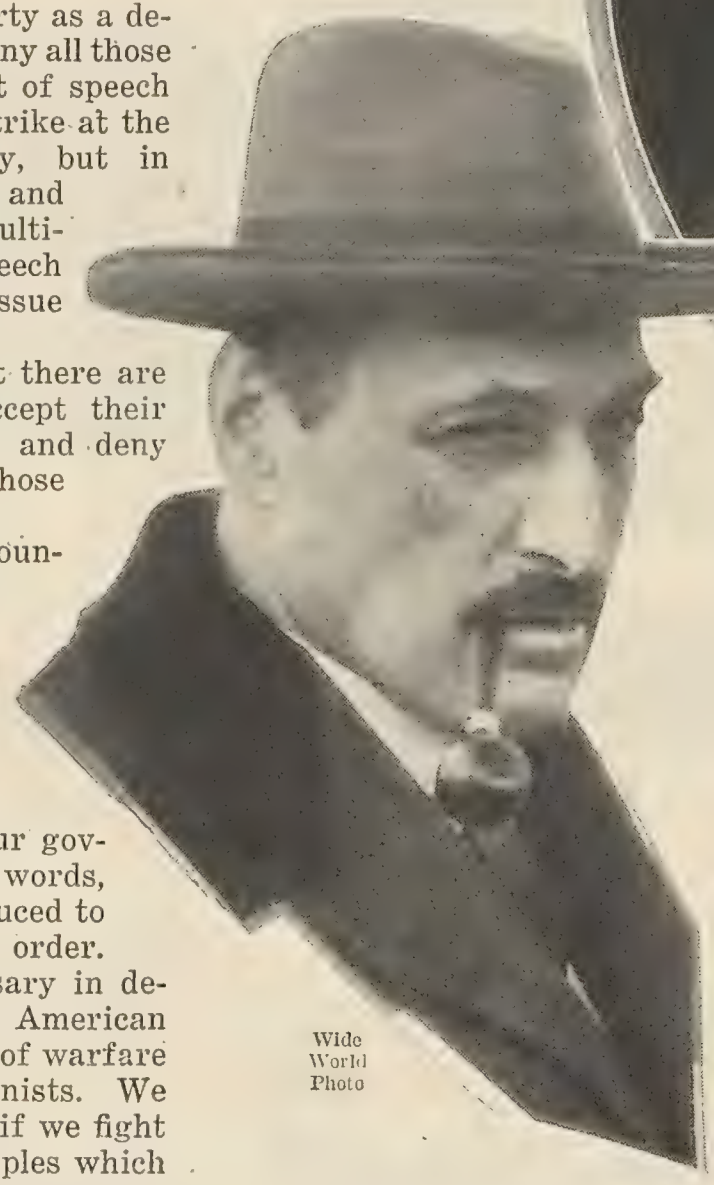
No one doubts that we, as a people, are to be called upon from time to time to meet all kinds of issues relative to the efficiency and worth of our government. Whether the government is to bear the strain of the coming years will depend upon the intelligence and character of the average citizen far more than upon the leaders. Do we fear the capacity of the citizen to meet the issues as they from time to time arise and to reject propositions inimical to our government? I prefer to meet the future with voters trained in the free field of open discussion. We can, I trust, depend upon them to weigh discriminately and select. If we cannot, breakdown is ahead of us.

Responsibility alone will make a people strong and resourceful. The surest safeguard of democracy in these times of new and strange doctrines is the average citizen who has come in contact with all political creeds and all political heresies and knows precisely what he is doing and what he wants, and where he is going or wants to go.

The most futile policy imaginable in these days of the telephone, telegraph, newspapers, magazines, and the radio is the effort to bar out heresies and dangerous doctrines by some kind of censorship or by denying the citizen an opportunity to hear and be heard.

Wide World Photo

Shapurji Saklatvala, communist member of the British Parliament, who was barred from entering the United States for fear he would preach his communist doctrine.



Wide World Photo

Count Michael Karolyi, first President of Hungary, officially "muzzled" by the American government during a three months' stay in the United States and forbidden any "political activity."

The President said at Omaha with telling effect:

"Progress depends very largely on the encouragement of variety. Whatever tends to standardize the community, to establish fixed and rigid modes of thought, tends to fossilize society. If we all believed the same things and thought the same thoughts and applied the same valuation to all occurrences about us, we should reach a state of equilibrium closely akin to an intellectual paralysis. It is the ferment of ideas, the clash of disagreeing judgments, the privilege of the individual to develop his own thoughts and shape his own character that makes progress possible."

And the key to all this is free speech and a free press, responsibility placed upon the citizen, reliance placed upon the people. Let them debate, let them discuss, let them hear and be heard. Otherwise the citizen becomes a weakling, a thing to be pulled around and placed and used by unscrupulous leaders, the victims of corrupt politics, cogs in a vast political machine.

I presume it is something in the nature of treason to so declare, but it is true, nevertheless, that agitation is the life blood of free institutions. Some look upon it as the source of revolution. It is its most certain preventive. Give the people the right to urge their views, let their views be ground out through the channels of public opinion and with that they will be content. Take away this right and they will ultimately seek other remedies.

England tried for two hundred years to restrain the right of discussion. She utterly failed. She is now the freest country in speech and the press under the sun—and it has more than once been her salvation. Every enlightened Englishman appreciates the value of Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park. When you drive men from the public arena, where debate is free, you send them to the cellar, where revolutions are born. "Better an uproar than a whisper."

THE greatest service one can render the cause of clean and efficient democracy in these days is to encourage fearless and independent discussion of all matters of public concern. There are always certain interests which discourage all discussion and would stop all inquiry, but they are either deeply interested in protecting selfish aims or in sheltering crime and corruption.

It has just been established in court that a group of men in 1920 went out deliberately to buy the nomination for the Presidency as you would buy Man o' War or a gold mine. Perhaps the truth would never have been fully known had it not been because of a quarrel between the conspirators. When thieves fall out the people sometimes get the facts, and they often do not get them until that happens.

At the time this conspiracy, proposing to buy the Presidency as they once auctioned the emperorship from the ramparts of Rome, was in progress an attempt was made to expose it. The men who made the effort were viciously criticized as trouble makers, slanderers of their country, and enemies of a great party, reds, and so forth. Other stupendous efforts at corruption will readily occur to all. I venture to suggest that at least another one will in due time appear—certainly it will if the facts can be unearthed.

Instead of discouraging independent and fearless inquiry and discussion, let them be encouraged. The greatest weapon we have in defending the public against those who would buy office and corrupt elections is free speech. It has been found of incalculable value more than once in the history of free government.

No precedents should ever be established which can at any time be used to embarrass the people in the use of this tremendous instrument for clean, efficient, and stable government.

THE END

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A Woman Makes His Clothes

And They're a Wow in Paris, Says This Sartorial Adventurer, but It's Just as Well, When You Come Back, Not to Let Irvin Cobb or Ring Lardner See Them

By O. O. McIntyre

I AM now even with the ladies. They have invaded my barber shop, my shoe shining parlor, and other sacred retreats where men could be themselves.

I have gone to their Parisian dressmaker for a suit of clothes. Such fun! My, my, and a couple of oo-la-las! I felt just about as popular as a snake in the breakfast food.

It came about like this. I was attending a fashion display with my wife. A silken-voiced magnificent in gorgeous habilaments fluttered about, rhapsodizing over this frock and that as the manikins paraded.

"Now, if I could look like that bird," I said to my wife.

He heard me.

"But, *m'soo,* you can," he assured me. "We make gentlemen's costumes."

In France a suit is a costume, and that is perhaps why most Frenchmen look as though they might be going to a masquerade.

I am inclined to impulsiveness. I once went up in a balloon on the spur of the moment. So I said, "All right, mister, make me one!"

The ladies tittered, and two eyed me through lorgnettes, making me shrink to the size of a thin dime.

He led me through a series of salons to a fitting room. Heretofore, in ordering clothes, I merely took a sample of my dandruff to my New York tailor, and said, "Match that!"

So here we were in the fitting room, and, believe me or not, I was ready for a fit—a violent one. I was tempted to touch my guide on the shoulder, cry "You're it!" and run. But he clapped his hands and two ladies came through a curtained doorway.

"*M'soo,*" he said, "desires to be measured for the *grande costume!*"

I took on that look of vanity that my dog has when he scratches behind his ear for a flea.

"*Oui! Oui!*" they said.

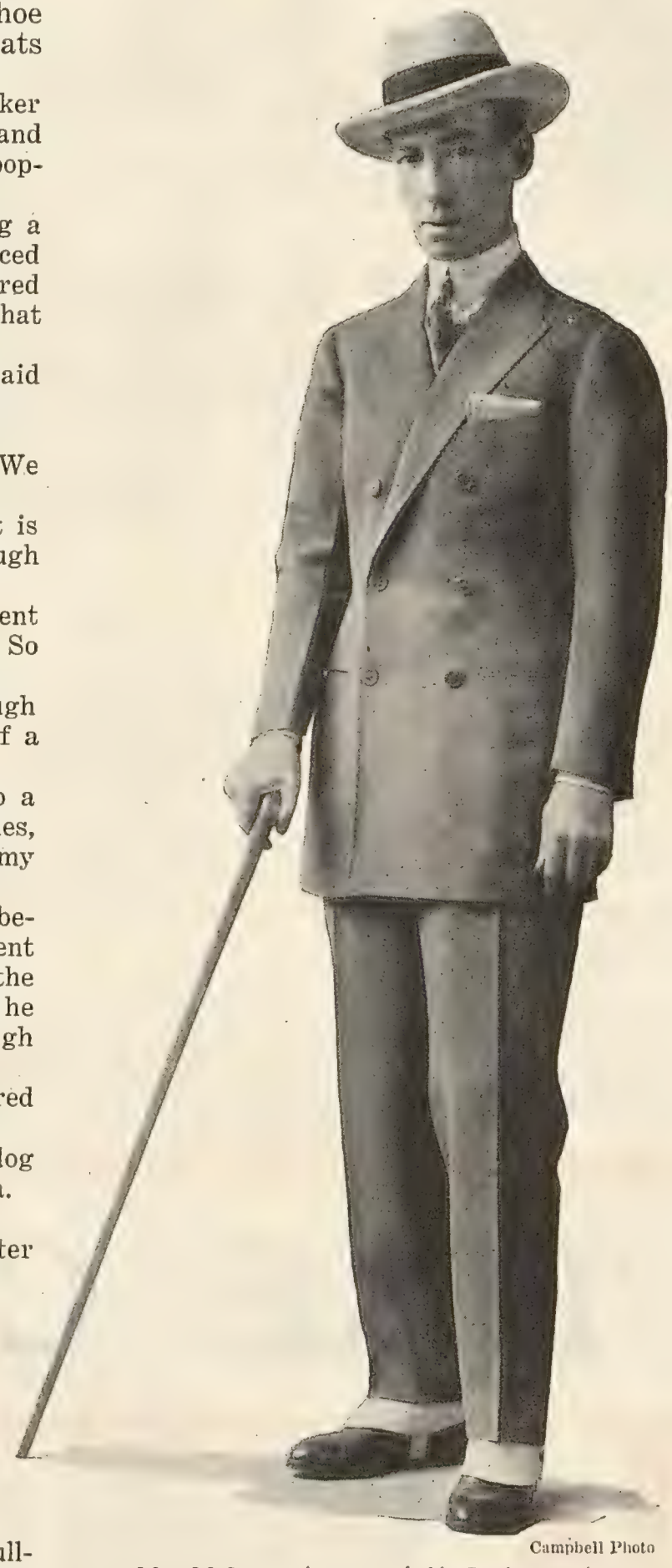
My guide made his exit. He would. After dragging me into this messy affair he took French leave—leaving me flat. They asked me to remove my coat, without which I have a figure somewhat akin to that of the antediluvian anteater.

"Nice day," I said, striving for nonchalance. It slipped my mind that it had been raining for three days.

"*Oui! Oui!*" they said.

They began to measure. I thought of pulling a line about dying by inches, but at that moment a young midinette came through the room and deposited a bolt of lace on the table. I suppose that will go on the bottom of the trousers, I thought.

And then my wife stuck her head through the portieres with one of those "For heaven's sakes!" looks. And the way I motioned her away is nobody's business. After all, I never went into her fitting room.



Campbell Photo

Mr. McIntyre in one of his Paris creations.

"Does *m'soo* desire the waspish waist?" one asked.

"*Oui! Oui!*" I said, dropping into my French and crawling right out again.

"*Voila!*" they cried in unison. And so they measured and left me. I think I heard a couple of suspicious departing giggles.

Three days later I went back for the first fitting. I was escorted into one of the little mirrored fitting rooms. Soon a beautiful lady came with the garments. She stood there. I coughed once or twice, and waited. She remained standing there.

"Have a cigarette?" I inquired, handing her the case.

"*Oui! Oui!*" she said, and took one. And continued to stand. I am not accustomed to undressing before strange ladies. I found out afterwards that the moment you start removing your coat the ladies immediately retire. But I never thought of that, so I guess we stood standing there for about a half hour. I suppose I outstood her, for she finally left.

When I had donned the garments I think the entire shop quit work and trooped in. Such enthusiasm, such shrugging and excitable gestures. I never realized before how handsome I was. I wanted them to do it all over again to be certain they weren't kidding.

I felt certain I would return to New York and become one of the perils of a great city. Never before had I been so admired. I ordered four more suits.

They looked fine in Paris—gorgeous wide shoulders, waspish waist, trousers baggy at the hip and tight at the ankles, and sleeves all doo-dadded up with buttons.

"You will come to see us again?" said the overlord of the dressmaking establishment.

"Certain*ment!* Rest *ici!*" I said, combining my perfect English with my perfect French.

TEN days later in New York I went to a luncheon.

Irvin Cobb took a look at me.

"What are you advertising?" he asked.

"I understand," said Ring Lardner, "that Suzanne Lenglen makes your clothes!"

Jealous guys!

"Write me a piece about them," said the editor of this magazine. Here it is, and if he's a good guy my clothes will not have cost me a cent. And think of all the trade-lasts I got in Paris.

Apropos of clothes and costumes, New Yorkers often talk of their two-hundred-dollar suits. It seems a lot of money, but hearken to the tale of a twenty-one-thousand-dollar suit of clothes.

The owner was Bud Fisher, the cartoonist. Fisher now and then takes a whirl at business with certain sums from his vast earnings. He decided to back a tailor in a rather gaudy little salon. He put up twenty-one thousand dollars for the venture. He became a customer for one suit. The shop failed, and the one suit was all Fisher retrieved for his twenty-one thousand dollars.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

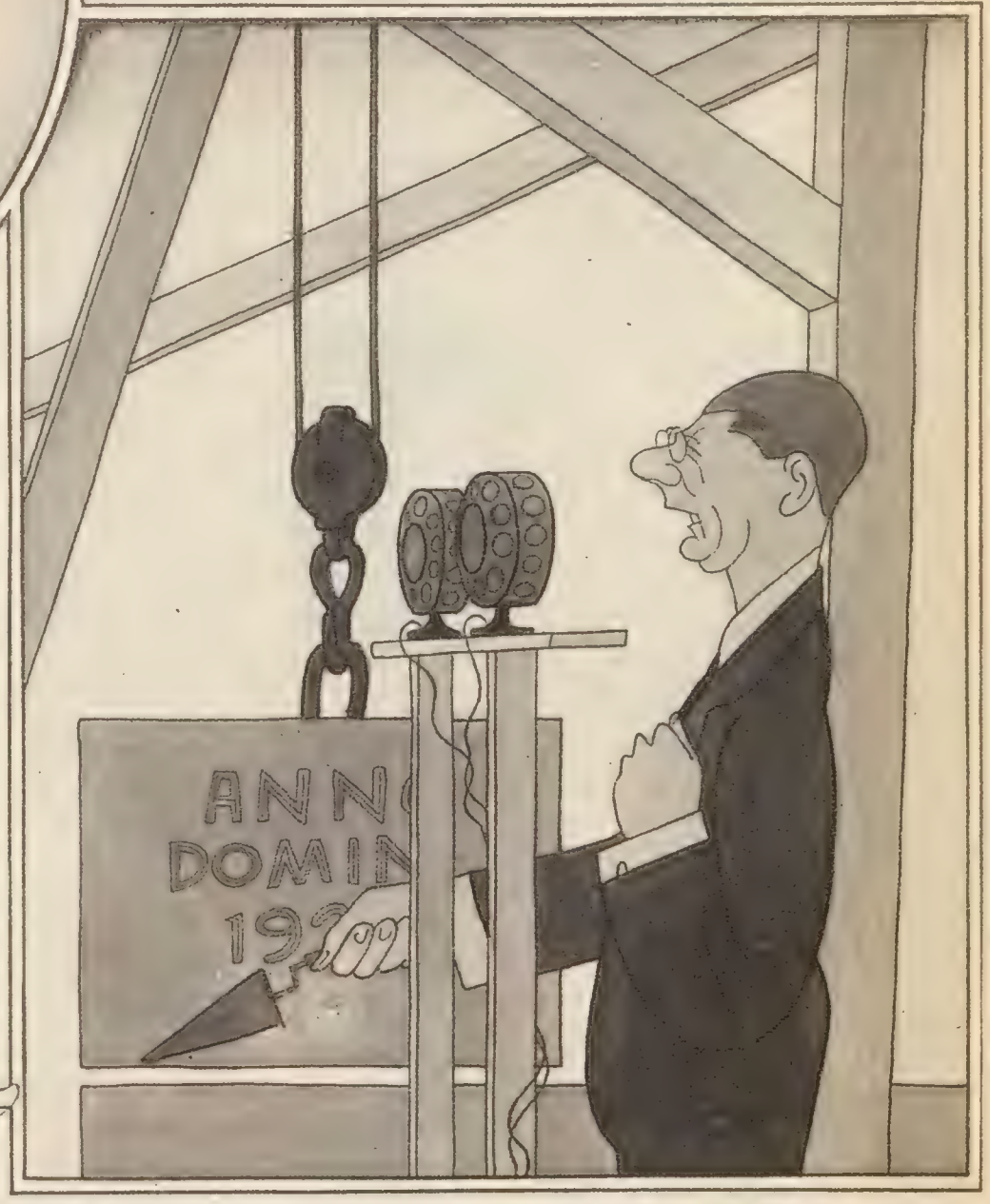
By RALPH BARTON

GIFFORD PINCHOT, EMINENT DRY AND GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA, at work in the basement of his country home at Milford, Pennsylvania, on coal substitutes to relieve the present acute anthracite shortage. The Governor has discovered that the type of bootleg Scotch whisky confiscated in Philadelphia will, if uncorked and lighted, burn for several hours with an intense heat.

CARRYING ON THE GOOD WORK IN WASHINGTON. Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, with some of the boys from his office, disguised as constituents, leaping out from dark corners to frighten passing Congressmen.

THE COOLIDGE ECONOMY PROGRAM being rigidly carried out over the holidays. The President and Mrs. Coolidge are sending a tasteful Christmas card to a selected list of friends which was designed and printed at the Government Printing Office with a view to its being used again on other national holidays.

HUDSON MAXIM, FAMOUS INVENTOR, demonstrates his detachable aluminum sleeves for pedestrianism, a device designed to enable American citizens to hold their hands up for hours at a time without tiring. Convenient hooks make the breast and hip pockets readily accessible to bandits and General Andrews' dry agents respectively.



THE CORNER STONE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE AND CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL is laid by Leonard Kip Rhinelander of Honolulu and White Plains, N. Y. The newly organized institution will teach Alimony, Heart Balm, and Alienation of Affections, with postgraduate courses in How to Run a Yacht and How to Clean Diamonds.

A SMILE, a BOW, and a CLOSE-UP

By QUINN MARTIN

THE EAGLE

Directed by Clarence Brown — United Artists Picture
From the Story by Alexander Pushkin

THE CAST:

Vladimir Dubrovsky.....*Rudolph Valentino*
Mascha Troekouroff.....*Vilma Banky*
The Czarina.....*Louise Dresser*
Kuschka.....*Albert Conti*
Kyrilla Troekouroff.....*James Marcus*
Judge.....*George Nichols*
Aunt Aurelia.....*Carrie Clark Ward*

PROBABLY this is the best and pleasantest picture play which Rudolph Valentino ever made. That brilliant set of scenes in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse wherein he made his debut to picture audiences dancing the waltz in a South American drinking parlor was, of course, the finest moment of his career, but in The Eagle he plays through an entire picture in a fashion so smooth, so steely, so expertly timed as to not only disarm the critics but to make them sit up and do a little bell ringing.

Rudolph Valentino

It was about two years ago that Mr. Valentino walked out of a studio in Hollywood and refused further to lend himself and his name as a label for shoddy, factory-made goods. He told his employers that if they would permit him, now that he had gained a reputation and a following for himself, to assist in the choosing of his stories and would further allow him to appear in fewer and better screen dramas he would talk business with them. If they would not, he would go back to gardening or vaudeville dancing.

They were stubborn. So the brown-faced lad packed his grips, came to New York and there began a series of legal brawls which were to continue over the better part of a year, to end with a compromise in which the star was to emerge as his own manager.

Vilma Banky

The Eagle is the first production with Rudolph Valentino as his own (in a way) boss. It justifies everything he has sacrificed for it.

Scores, yes hundreds, of girls, cock-eyed of weariness and persistence followed their hero about the streets of New York when he came on to see the *première* of his picture, and there was general jubilation in the factories, soap works, and Park Avenue apartments when the genial gentleman announced from his Ritz-Carlton suite that he had decided to let Natacha Rambova have her old divorce.

At any rate, The Eagle is all about a handsome young lieutenant of the Russian Royal Guard who, sneering at the Czarina's invitation to him to join her in playing hands so enraged that lady that she ordered him to be put to death. Forming a battalion of the faithful from among his countrymen, he rode at the head of an outlaw crew in a modest little revolution against the tyranny of the throne. As leader of this gang of desperadoes, he was known as the Black Eagle. And if you fail to go and see him, don't blame me.

BRIGHT LIGHTS

Directed by R. Z. Leonard — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
From a Story by Richard Connell

THE CAST:

Tom.....*Charles Ray*
Pansi.....*Pauline Starke*
Gwendolyn.....*Lilyan Tashman*
Marty.....*Lawford Davidson*
Barney.....*Ned Sparkes*

IT HAS been said by the producers, in referring to the star of Bright Lights and his return to the screen, that "Charlie is himself again." I don't believe it. With his Huckleberry Finn make-up and his finger in his mouth he looks to me as if he were about as far beside himself as he has ever been in his life.

Pauline Starke

True enough, Mr. Ray finally casts off the straw hat and the idiotic hair-dress and steps out in ordinary rube costume, but even this doesn't quite remove the curse of that first impression. To me, Bright Lights is just a pretty hacky piece of picture making, not by any means designed along lines which are likely to re-establish this player in the hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Ray, occasionally in his pictures and almost invariably when I have talked with him in person, has indicated he is a gentleman of discernment and good judgment. It is a little beyond understanding, then, why he will permit himself to be cast, at this late date, in those bashful boy parts which he grew out of before the war and into which he very obviously never again will find it possible to fit.

In this new film you will see him as a rural youth who meets and very pardonably falls in love with a cabaret girl who has gone to the country for some reason or another. I want you to have the laugh of the season by seeing him cavort among the trees and the grasses when first he discovers the big-town girl as she indulges in her morning swim down in the old mill stream.

Charles Ray

Watch, too, the zealous efforts of the cameraman, director, scenarist, and Miss Pauline Starke as these combined forces inject every last ounce of energy into the business of suggesting to us who sit out front that Miss Starke is sitting in the creek without a stitch to her back.

The bare shoulder propensity which presumably had been the exclusive property of Miss Pola Negri reveals itself in this exhibit by the otherwise quite interesting Miss Starke to a marked degree. Also, now that we are comparing, it may be said that Miss Starke is not a little like Miss Gloria Swanson in the pruning of eyebrows and in the peculiar acrobatics of face. She is, in fact, extremely good looking.

It remains to be said that those persons who always knew a Charles Ray picture would injure nobody's morals may march faithfully on to Bright Lights and come away still undefiled. Seeing a boy who acts and looks a little silly can do no permanent harm.

THE LAST EDITION

Directed by Emory Johnson — F. B. O. Picture
Written by Emilie Johnson

THE CAST:

Tom MacDonald.....*Ralph Lewis*
Mary MacDonald.....*Lila Leslie*
Ray MacDonald.....*Ray Hallor*
Polly MacDonald.....*Frances Teague*
Clarence Walker.....*Rex Lease*
George Hamilton.....*Lou Payne*
Sam Blotz.....*Will Frank*

THE LAST EDITION is a movie about newspapers, newspaper pressrooms, newspaper editorial rooms, and newspaper persons. It is utterly unlike anything I have ever seen take place in a newspaper office, and still it is a fair-to-middling melodrama in pictures and, therefore, will do. After all, what difference does it make how a large metropolitan daily gets itself to the streets and the newsstands so long as the hero performs his chivalrous bit and the heroine reaches his arms before the final fade-out fades out?

Emory Johnson

It goes something like this, but not exactly:

The foreman of a newspaper pressroom is the kind of man who, upon arriving at his work each morning, gathers his crew about him and leads "Sweet Adeline." He has a son who is a young attorney in the district attorney's office. The son is in possession of information concerning a bootlegging ring. There is, furthermore, a daughter of the pressroom foreman, and she, not that it makes any difference, is in love with a reporter on the staff of this same newspaper. I hope you are having no difficulty.

The paper is on its last legs, losing circulation by the minute, when suddenly a police reporter discovers a sensational bootleg graft story in which the pressroom foreman's son is (innocently) involved. It is an opportunity to send the circulation of the daily so high there will not be enough white paper to print it on, and at this moment the pressroom foreman rushes into the editor's private office and begs that gentleman not to print the story. The foreman cries a little.

Ralph Lewis

Now, in the meantime, one of the gunmen of the bootleg chief has secreted himself in the pressroom, and is succeeding, by the use of gin, in getting various members of the plant tight. Later, by the same method, he causes the boiler room workers to blow up the engines, thus somewhat slowing up the works and (hallelujah!) preventing the story from being printed.

This is not all, but it is enough. By one of these turns of events every soul touched upon in the story is seen to emerge from the situation in fine, high spirits and thoroughly happy. Amazing things are done in movies such as this almost every day in the week.

It is confidently hoped that The Last Edition now appears clear and easily understood. Of course, it doesn't, but what's to be lost by hoping?

New Faces Seen on the Screen

By RICHARD HALLIDAY

Eugene R. Richee Photo

MARGARET MORRIS is a Minneapolis girl. She played a bit in a Paramount picture. Jesse L. Lasky then signed her up to play the flapper lead in Sidney Olcott's The Best People.

LILLIAN GISH'S new leading man is Lars Larson, the famous Swedish stage and screen star, who will play in The Scarlet Letter, directed by Victor Seastrom.

Eugene R. Richee Photo

CHARLOT BIRD is another starry-eyed newcomer to the screen. And, as in the case of Margaret Morris, it was Jesse Lasky who found her. She appears with Miss Morris in The Best People.

William Potter Photo

YOU, perhaps, saw Lawrence Gray as Betty Bronson's leading man in Are Parents People? Gloria Swanson liked his work, so he is playing opposite her in Stage Struck.

Four New Liberty Nut-Cracker Coupons!

$400 *a* WEEK *in* PRIZES

Exciting Amusement for Everybody—Everywhere!

WE'RE going to publish the winners for December 5 shortly, so watch for your name on this page! After that we'll print the winners each week. Don't stop sending in the coupons! You may compete for one or all of the four $100 cash prizes each week. If you haven't been initiated into this fascinating contest, we'll explain that in each coupon below there is a combination Limerick and Cross-Word Puzzle. But they shouldn't prove too puzzling for anybody. Look at No. 1. The first line reads:

The snores of a (3) ..... in a flat

That (3) means a word of three letters. Cross-Word Puzzle fans will find it easy to supply the missing words, but it shouldn't be difficult for anybody. Looking over the balance of the Limerick we see that the (3) is a "he," so we'll make it "man." With this word inserted the line reads:

The snores of a man in a flat

That's some help for the first one. Complete the remaining lines the same way, by supplying suitable words for the figures. Then write a last line, making five in all, but be sure that the last word of the line rhymes with "flat" and "that," the words ending the first two lines. A few words that ought to rhyme well are gat, mat, sat, combat, chat, bed slat. There are many others, so help yourself. Remember that the coupons published this week must reach us not later than midnight, January 2. Mail them early to the address given below and watch for your name among the winners.

HERE ARE THE RULES:

Each week Liberty will print the first four lines of four Limericks. In each of the four printed lines one word will be omitted. This word will be indicated by a figure in parenthesis, thus: (3) or (5) or some other figure. Contestants must supply a suitable word of the number of letters indicated by the figures in parenthesis. Example: (4) will mean that a word of four letters must be filled in. Any appropriate words may be used. Then write your own last line to complete the Nut-Cracker.

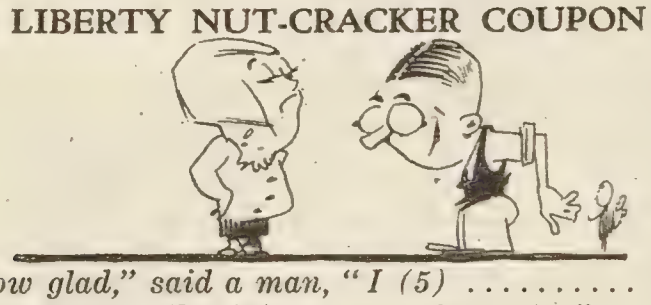
For the best Limerick completed from each set of four lines printed $100 will be paid—or $400 weekly in all. The decision of the judges will be final, and no entries will be returned.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the entry you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. Limericks should be numbered either 1, 2, 3, or 4, when submitted on separate sheets of paper. Do not enter different Limericks on one sheet. You may, however, write the first four lines of any one Limerick on a sheet of paper and then add as many last lines thereto as you wish. You may compete for one or more of the prizes each week.

Mail Completed Coupons to

NUT-CRACKERS, Care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 3



"How glad," said a man, "I (5) ..... be
"Could I live like (2) .... ape in a tree."
Then his wife's laugh (4) ..... out,
As (3) ..... answered, "No doubt
.....

MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(December 26, 1925)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 4

To Hollywood once (4) ..... a sheik,
A job in the movies to (4) .....
And it's told (2) .... a fact
That when Cruze saw (3) ..... act,
.....

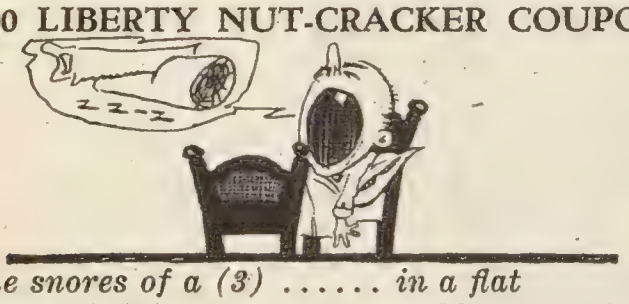
MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(December 26, 1925)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 1



The snores of a (3) ..... in a flat
Annoyed (3) ..... the neighbors so that
One cold (5) ..... as he lay
Sawing wood (2) .... the hay,
.....

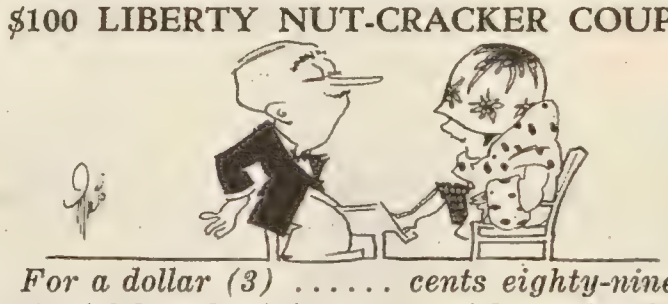
MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(December 26, 1925)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 2



For a dollar (3) ..... cents eighty-nine,
A girl bought (4) ..... shoes that looked fine,
But she very (4) ..... found,
When she walked on (3) ..... ground,
.....

MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(December 26, 1925)

Liberty's Radio Station WLIB

To Operate at Its Listeners' Direction

Large Broadcast Invites Radio Fans to Help Arrange Programs

Page of Letters Awarded $10 Apiece Published Each Week

LIBERTY invites you to help run Radio Station WLIB.

We publish this week another page of letters from radio listeners who have contributed their ideas toward making WLIB, like Liberty, for everybody. All radio listeners, everywhere, are invited to assist in making Station WLIB the most popular. We want it to have universal appeal.

WLIB was opened a short time ago at Chicago and is one of the best equipped stations on the air. It operates on a wave length of 302.8 meters and is powerful enough to reach all parts of the country. It has its own orchestra and staffs of talented artists and technicians.

In having listeners suggest programs, Liberty affords radio fans an opportunity to voice their suggestions, criticisms, and opinions in a place where they will be effective. For each letter printed $10 will be paid.

If you are a listener at any station you know what you like to hear. Some part of a program has pleased you more than another. Write on whatever you think will result in providing better entertainment for the public. Your letter may be in regard to announcing, make-up of programs, mechanical imperfections, or perhaps you have an idea that will prove a decided innovation in broadcasting.

At the present time broadcasting is pretty much of an experiment. Nobody knows a lot about it. Liberty believes that from listeners many of the best suggestions for the improvement of broadcasting are to come. Therefore it invites you to express yourself by letter. You may write as much or as little as you wish. Mail your letter early and watch for it on this page.

Write to Radio Editor, Care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$10 *for* Every Letter *on* This Page

FOR A "LIBERTY BELL"

Dear Sir: Since you call your station the Liberty Station, I think it would be an unique idea to have a deep-toned bell to ring between numbers in remembrance of the Liberty Bell. (A Liberty station should have a Liberty Bell!) J. WILLIAM FINCH,
1540 W. 26th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

RADIO AND BLUE LAWS

Dear Friends: Possibly you do not appreciate what Sunday is like in the big open spaces of the United States. In our town we are not allowed shows or dances on Sunday. We cannot use our automobiles to advantage and are compelled to take our diversion indoors. Naturally we wish to pick something joyous from the air, and appreciate a program of wit and emotion at such a time. R. KENNETH MCFARLAND,
Valley City, N. D.

CRITICISM

Gentlemen: I believe that the average musical program is not well balanced. Some instruments are placed too close to the microphone so as to drown out the others. I notice that the piano on many occasions is much too loud, while the voice or the musical instrument playing with it is not strong enough to overcome it. If the piano were placed a bit farther from the microphone, or were muffled a little, many good violin solos would be sweeter and clearer. This is not true in all cases, but in most of them.
RICHARD CARTER,
35 Bloomingdale Ave., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK UP

Sir: I have been wishing for this opportunity to speak up. I have been disappointed in some of the music I have been hearing over the radio, and gave up listening in, till one night we tuned in WLIB. You were broadcasting some of my favorite songs, so I stayed for the whole program. I wish you would have more of the old-fashioned songs of long ago and old-time music. PETRA KOSBERG,
Box 7, R. R. 1, Washburn, Wis.

HUMAN HEARTS CLOSELY ATTUNED

Gentlemen: As I listened the other night to the reading of James Whitcomb Riley's Old Sweetheart of Mine I could not but feel that most human hearts are closely attuned and that such programs as you rendered that evening were the kind that are most pleasing to your vast multitude of listeners. Each class of music has its place, and there are times when popular numbers, dance music, and jazz fill in nicely, and the classical numbers, by full orchestra or band, are enjoyed by millions. But the old numbers reach the heartstrings, bring a tear to the eye, and carry these same millions to heights that modern numbers can never reach.
C. F. HAYWOOD,
The First State Bank, Hallsville, Tex.

THE MAIN ATTRACTION

Station WLIB: The main attraction in radio broadcasting is the announcer. Get one of those carefree, witty men who are a diversion in themselves. There are four grown-ups in my house and all are strong for WLIB. Why? The announcer is the answer. SCHWELL ENBACH,
6744 Bishop St., Chicago, Ill.

FROM A SHUT-IN

Dear Sir: Picture a wee cottage surrounded by honeysuckle and rose vines situated in the heart of a little country village in Ohio. In the corner of that wee cottage stands a radio set. Angels must have invented the radio! For my radio is the only [illegible] of reflecting the good cheer in song and story coming from the vast world beyond the hills of our little village. The writer of this humble letter is a shut-in, who finds in the radio a medium for turning dull hours into happy ones.
MRS. THOMAS F. RITTER,
Wick Road, Parma Village, Ohio.

BROADCAST MUSICAL COMEDIES

Gentlemen: My suggestion for bettering radio programs is something different. Could you arrange to broadcast more musical comedies and plays direct from the theaters in Chicago, say two nights a week? I suggest that if you approve of this idea, that you announce in Liberty the plays and comedies to be broadcast the following week. This will give the people in the wide open spaces a chance to hear the best shows that they cannot possibly see, and I am sure the plan would make a great hit. R. P. RICE,
P. O. Box 365, Knoxville, Tenn.

NOT WHAT, BUT HOW!

Dear Sir: My idea of an ideal radio program is one in which every participant puts his or her whole soul into each part of the program. First, the person putting on the program should secure real artists, no matter whether it be a military band or a soloist on a sweet potato whistle.

If the director will choose selections into which the composer has put his supreme effort, and then the artists do likewise in rendering them, they will be appreciated by most all listeners. It isn't so much what you give as how you give it. C. A. KLAMM,
Abilene, Kas.

THE GOOD STUFF COMES LAST

Sir: Why doesn't WLIB take pity on the "poor working man" and have a knockout program earlier in the evening, so we can get some much needed rest? Most of the stations have classical music in the early part of the evening and don't begin to come to life until ten o'clock and really get going with their "red hot" and intimate programs about midnight. MRS. GEORGE W. LOWE,
124 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Fashionable Patterns *of* Paris Inspiration

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

DESIGNS for the home dressmaker, with Parisian atmosphere at only the cost of materials, are shown on this page. They show every important style tendency. Velveteen should be first choice for their development—Paris wears it all day long. Then, too, you'll want a frock of brocaded velvet. Soft, lustrous satins, sturdy balbriggans, and serviceable jerseys are all adaptable for these designs.

A very smart straightline model of grackle blue velveteen is pictured in design No. 2569. Fox banding trims the collar and cuffs. Metallic brocade or gold cloth may also be used for trimming. Charmeen, tweed, or crepe satin is also adaptable. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, with 2 yards of fur.

Distinguished by the flare in either side of skirt in front, and its very flat back, which gives a slender silhouette, is design No. 2528, which is developed of printed velvet. Georgette crepe in Castilian red, with silver stitching on the circular flare side sections, collar, and cuffs, would be lovely for the debutante for a dinner frock. For more formal occasions, select wool hairline stripe, wool cheviot, mirroleen, or crepe satin. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3¼ yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting.

A tailored dress in novelty faille crepe with plain crepe in harmonizing shade used for contrast is design No. 2574, which exploits the epaulet shoulder and two-piece circular skirt. It is suitable for street, business, or school wear; fashioned of charmeen, tweed, flat crepe, crepe satin, velveteen, or balbriggan jersey. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

A frock that has the sophisticated simplicity that Paris sponsors is seen in design No. 2568. You'll want a dress of this type of dark blue velveteen for everyday occasion wear. Lustrous black satin, supple crepe in shutter green, or tan balbriggan jersey is also lovely for this model. Cuts in sizes 14-16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

There is a touch of gayety to this street costume of smart wool plaid. The collar and cuffs are of plain silk crepe in harmonizing shade. Velveteen, brocaded velvet, tweed, mirroleen, crepe satin, or checked flannel is also suggested. Pattern No. 2590 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¼ yards of 54-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

PATTERN NO. SIZE PRICE

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.....

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NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

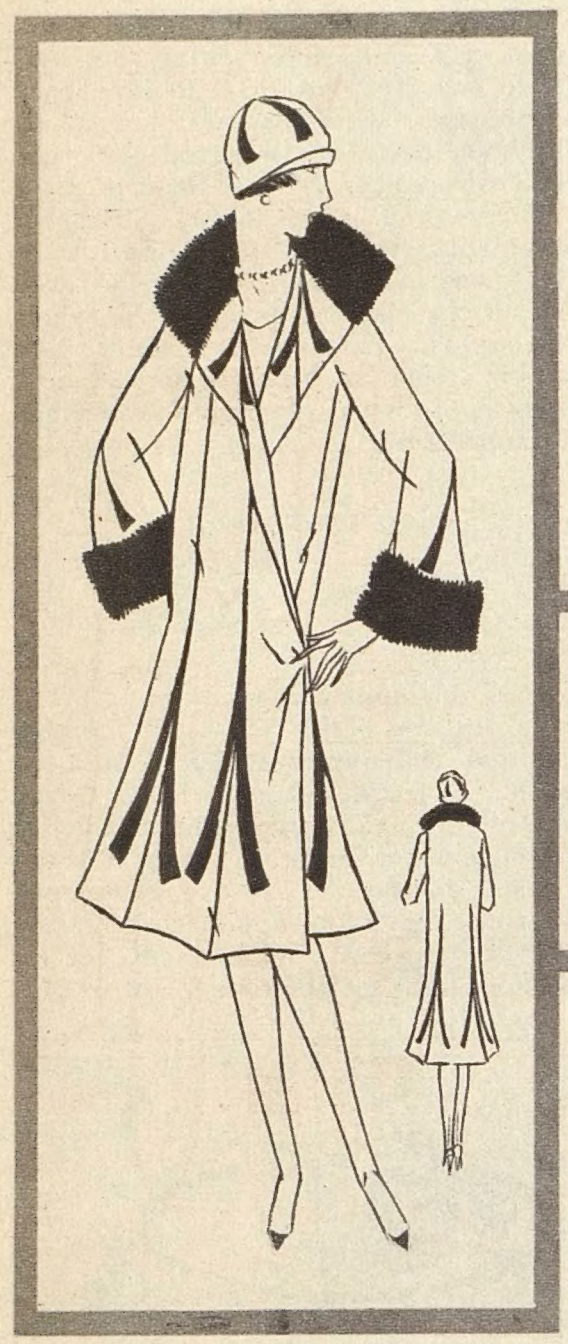
HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

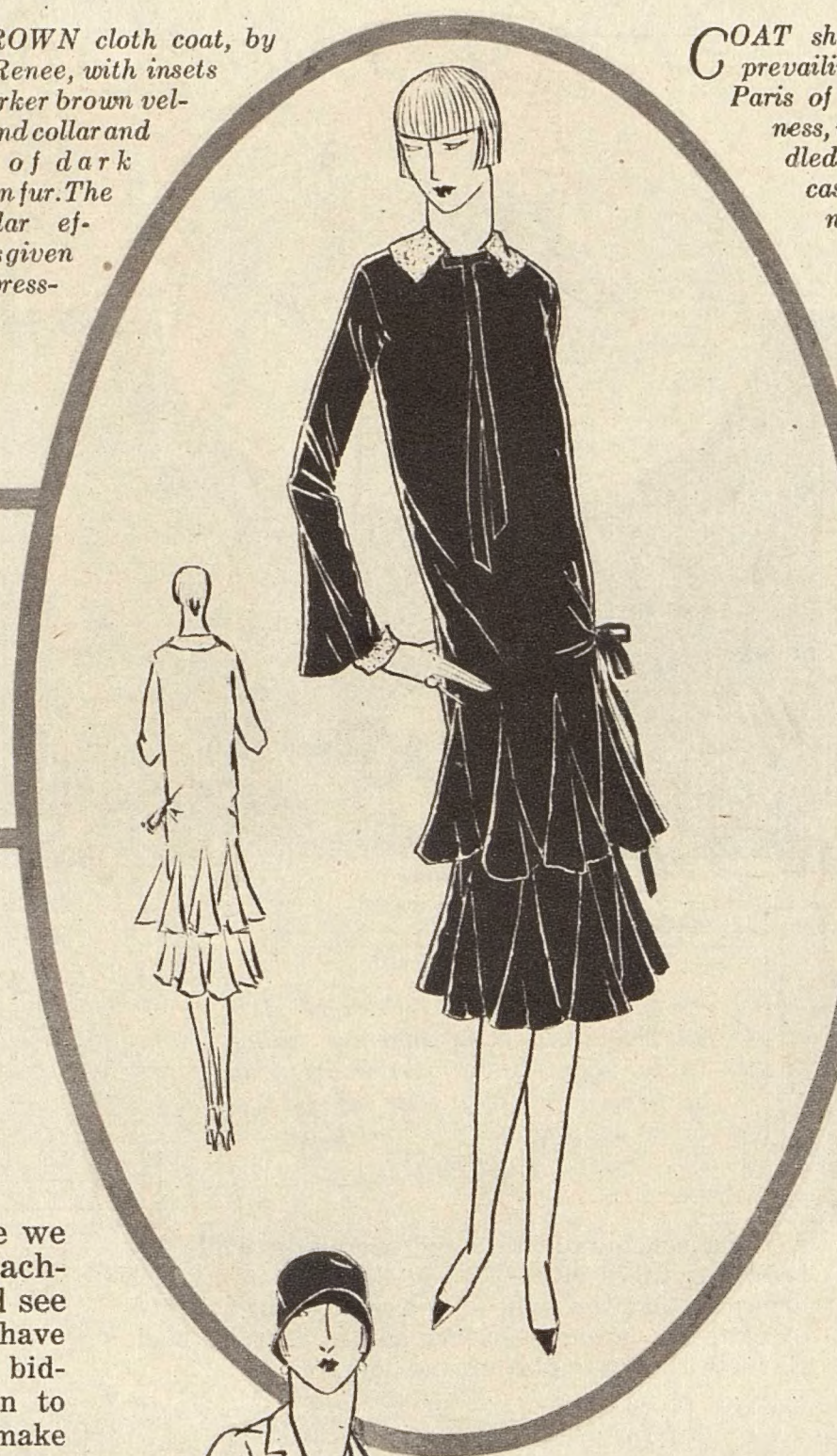
NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Stylish Gowns *for* Daytime *and* Evening

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

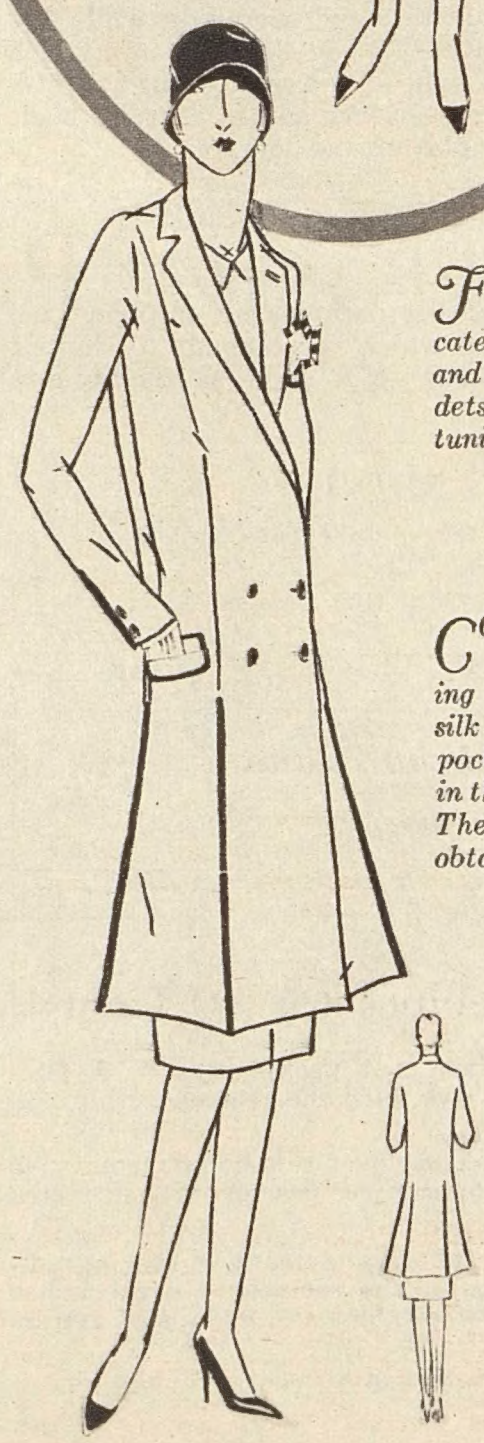


BROWN cloth coat, by Renee, with insets of darker brown velvet and collar and cuffs of dark brown fur. The circular effect is given by pressing.



COAT showing the prevailing style in Paris of back fullness, nicely handled in this case by Renee. It is of brown melton cloth.

FROCK of black satin with delicate white lace collar and cuffs. Circular godets give fullness on tunic and skirt. Renee.



COSTUME made of men's black suiting fabric with black silk braid on sleeves, pockets and the creases in the skirt of the coat. The circular movement obtained by the cut of the garment is accentuated by these crisp creases. O'Rossen.

LET us revel in the gay colors while we may, for the black gown is approaching. If we were in Paris we could see it in the middle distance. The French have only been serving their time in colors and biding the moment when they could return to black. It is becoming to them, so they make the whole world wear it.

That is what I used to tell them when they were swathing me in black from head to foot. They said white around the throat was countrified, that pale blue was affected only by Americans. I always made the retort courteous that pale blue wasn't becoming to them, and that was why they would not let it get fashionable. But only a few weeks ago one could plainly see that I had wronged them.

In fashion's course the time came for Alice blue to be the thing, and they donned it like Spartans, although it had no kinship with their coloring or dispositions. However, they did not permit it to remain the *mode actuelle* for very long. Navy blue and royal blue will hold their own and grow in popularity indefinitely. But they will have black to grapple with on fashion's field ere long, unless unforeseen events thwart this prediction.

Particularly for evening black will be the thing; and, after all, isn't it just as well, since in a low corsage it is so very becoming to our white skins and such a theatrical background for our lovely pearls. At present an excellent line in black for street wear is a long, attenuated V to the almost normal waistline on a straight blouse. It joins a skirt which is flat back and front but ripples, umbrella fashion, on the sides.

The dress is of black satin and the V is lined with white. Doeuillet makes it and frequently edges this line with ermine. He places a bow the width of the rather wide belt across the front at the point of the V, and it, too, bears a lining of white which is edged with ermine. The sleeves are tight, with a turnback ermine-edged ruffle at the wrists.

O'Rossen has lost no time in introducing France's favorite color into street costumes. The suit shown here is distinguished alike for being in black cloth and having godets that are in effect square. The suit also incorporates the favorite pocket of the season, which is a sort of army pouch in idea. In this case the modification comes principally in the size, this being a very small, braided turnover affair on the sides of the coat. The same conceit has been shown in very large pouches of leather fastened on the side of a narrow army belt. Sometimes the same model is done small, in silks and velvets, and is beaded.

Renee has ever been the sponsor for black. It looks so very well on her. The accompanying is one of the dresses, in black satin, that she is wearing herself. The making of it are those godets like handkerchiefs falling from where they are caught in the center, and that delicate, unobtrusive ecru lace collar.

We are never so happy as when we have fur all over us, round the bottom of what we are wearing, enveloping the collar, and running up the side. Renee, I think, had our nation in mind when she designed the accompanying fur trimmed coat. It is so very graceful on our slender figures, and so flattering to other figures not quite perfect. We have always said of Renee that her clothes had the lowest visibility of any.

The fourth offering, a coat by Renee, shows the back fullness nicely handled. The wrap remains straight for a distance of its skirt length, when it gradually begins to flare.

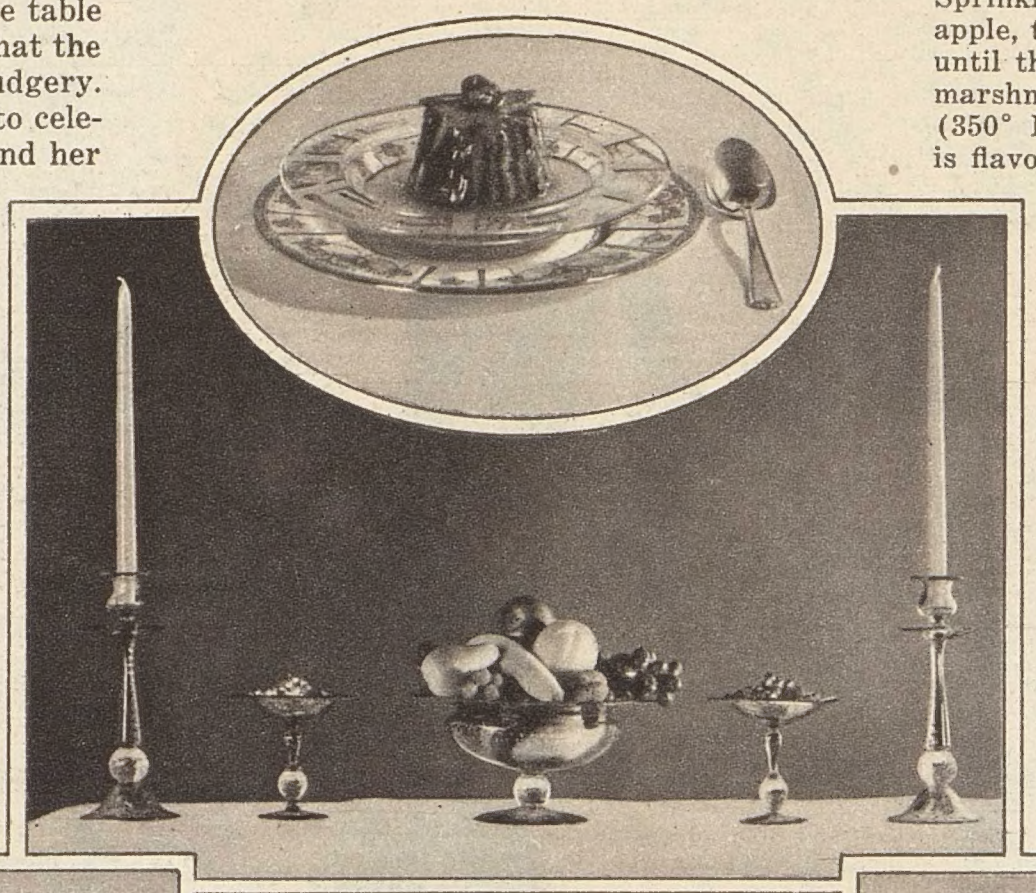
Prepare *Your* Christmas Dinner *the* Day Before

By

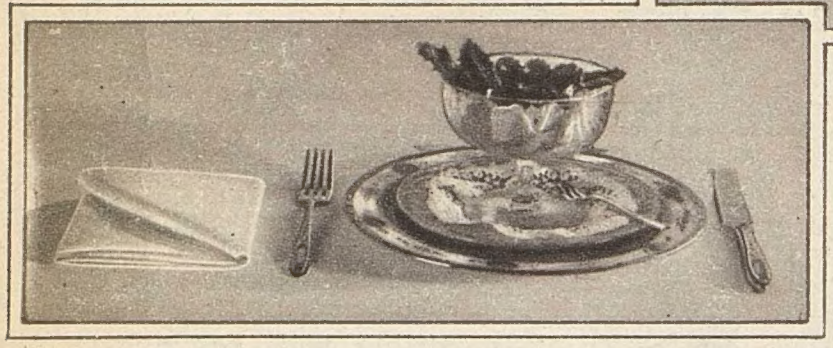
Ethel M. Somers

IT IS peculiar that when human beings wish to celebrate they have the habit of gorging. While it is true that nothing helps quite so much in making the Christmas season festive as an attractive table daintily arranged, yet it seems too bad that the cook should so often find it a day of drudgery. In behalf of such a one who would love to celebrate with her family and yet must spend her time in the kitchen to make the day a success, I give a complete dinner menu which may be prepared the day before except for a last thirty minutes' attention on Christmas.

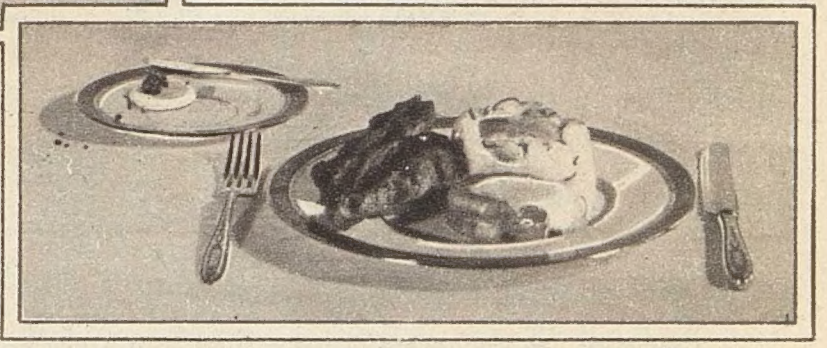
Complete each recipe to the asterisk (*) the day before Christmas and continue from there on Christmas day. Set the roaster in the oven together with the casserole of pineapple sweet potatoes and baked corn, about thirty minutes before serving-time, using a moderate oven (350° F.). Prepare the mashed potatoes. Put on the plum pudding to re-steam until the dessert course. Arrange the table and, lastly, the salad course. Make the gravy and mash the potatoes. Serve as usual, hot and garnished. Christmas will be a merry day for all concerned.



In the oval above: Individual plum pudding with cherry angelica garnish. In the square above: Attractive fruit centerpiece in green glass set, particularly appropriate for the Christmas table.



Oyster cocktail in green pepper cases, chilled and garnished with gay Christmas holly.



The main course as it appears when placed before each guest ready for the feast.

Roast Chicken, Huntsmen Style

4½ to 5-pound stewing hen
⅓ cup flour
¼ cup butter or other fat
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups hot water
1 cup cream
1 cup milk

DRESS the chicken and clean thoroughly. Cut into serving portions and dredge with flour. Melt the butter in a fry pan and brown the floured chicken on all sides. Season with salt and pepper and place on a trivet or rack in a roaster or Dutch oven. Pour the hot water in the bottom of the roaster but make sure that the chicken is high enough on the rack that it is not under the water, as in this case you will get a stewed rather than roasted effect. Cover the kettle tightly and place in a moderate oven (350° F.) and roast two hours or until tender.* Remove the chicken to a hot platter and add one-fourth cup of flour to the gravy in the roaster. Brown on a surface burner, stirring continually to avoid scorching while the browning takes place. When the flour mixture is browned, add the milk and cream. Boil and stir eight to ten minutes. Serve hot, in a gravy boat. Garnish the meat platter and serve.

Pineapple Sweet Potatoes

3 large sweet potatoes
6 slices canned pineapple
⅓ cup brown sugar
24 marshmallows

SELECT large sweet potatoes of uniform size, the diameter of which corresponds to that of the pineapple. Wash the potatoes thoroughly and boil until tender in boiling, salted water (one-half teaspoon salt to one pint water). Remove, cool, and peel the potatoes. Slice one-half inch thick and place one layer deep in a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Add a layer of pineapple, then potatoes and brown sugar, and repeat until the ingredients are used up. Top with the marshmallows and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for thirty minutes or until the whole is flavored throughout and candied.* Serve hot, placing a serving of potato on the plate, topping it with pineapple and then marshmallow.

Christmas Salad

6 apples
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cinnamon candies or
½ teaspoon red coloring
1 cup boiling water
⅛ teaspoon salt

DISSOLVE the sugar in the water, add the cinnamon candies and bring the sirup to a boil. Boil three minutes and add the apples which have been peeled and cored, but left whole. Cover tightly and place on the simmer burner, turned low for ten minutes or if there is room, in the 350° F. oven. Remove the cover, turn the apples over in the sirup, cover again, and simmer a second ten minutes, that the tops of the apples may become rosy red. Remove to a platter. Cook the remaining sirup to jelly and pour into the apples, half filling the center cavity. Ice thoroughly.* Just before serving fill the cavity to the top with the following mixture: One-half cup mayonnaise, one-fourth cup Old English cheese, grated, one tablespoon minced green pepper. Serve on a bed of lettuce with cheese wafers.

Plum Pudding

1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup chopped suet
1 cup raisins
1 cup currants
1 cup prune pulp (cooked, pitted, and sieved)
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup chopped prunes
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice
½ cup molasses
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites

MIX in the order given, sifting the flour, salt, soda, and spices together and adding them to the fruited mixture. Combine the egg yolks and molasses and add. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into covered, greased molds and steam over boiling water three hours.* Serve hot with sauce.

MENU

Oyster Cocktail
Roast Chicken, Huntsmen Style *Gravy*
Pineapple Sweet Potatoes
Baked Corn *Mashed Potatoes*
Cranberry Jelly *Hot Biscuit*
Celery *Olives*
Christmas Salad *Toasted Cheese Wafers*
Plum Pudding and Sauce
Salted Nuts *Candies*
Beverage

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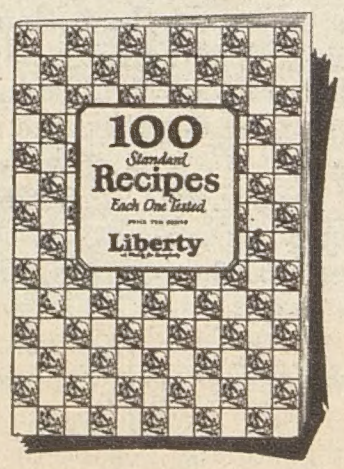

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